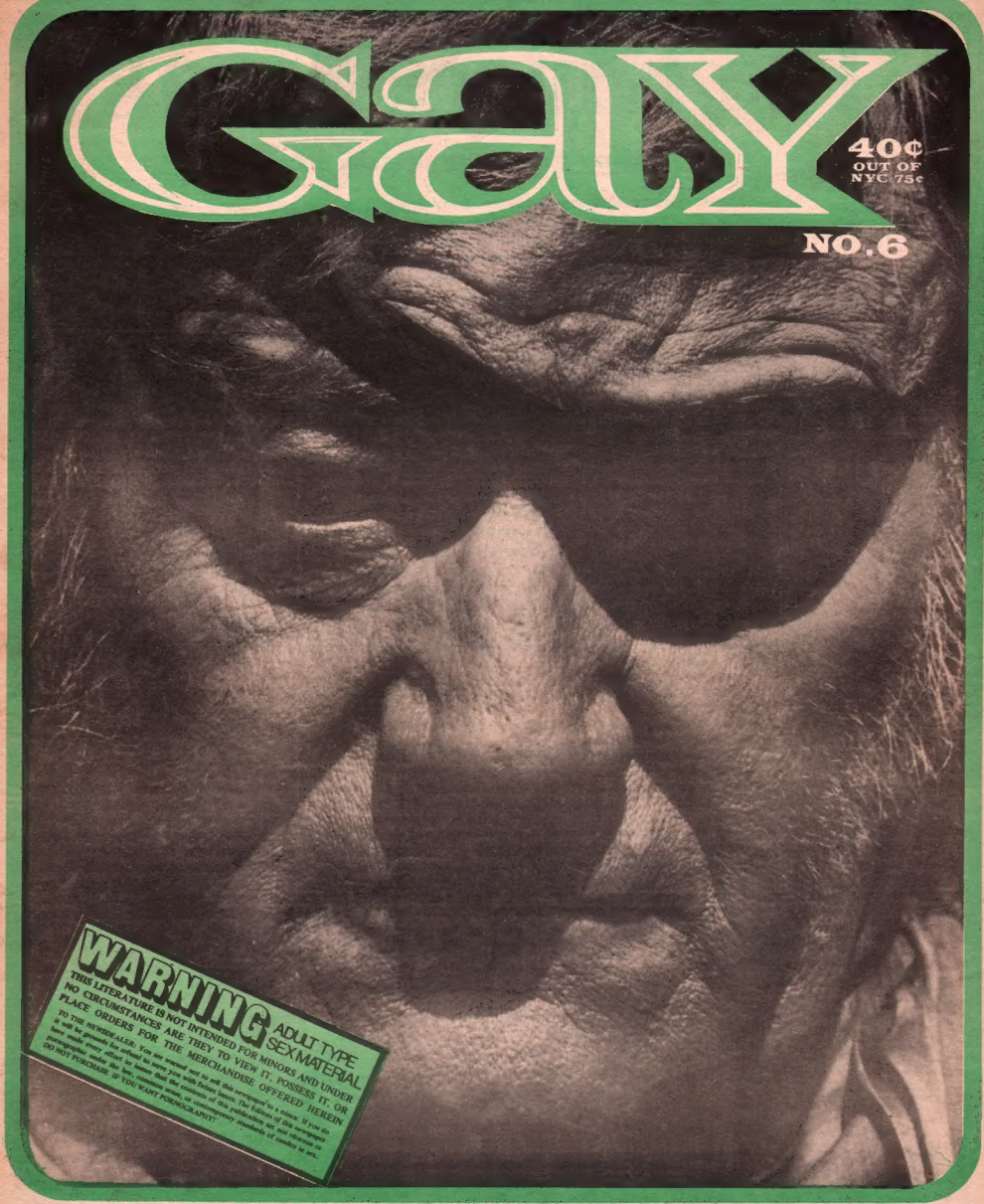
Gay

40¢ OUT OF NYC 75¢

NO. 6


WARNING
ADULT TYPE SEX MATERIAL
THIS LITERATURE IS NOT INTENDED FOR MINORS AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE THEY TO VIEW IT, POSSESS IT, OR PLACE ORDERS FOR THE MERCHANDISE OFFERED HEREIN

GAY COPS P.5 JOHN WAYNE: A MAN'S MAN? P.8 BONERS IN THE BALCONY P.9

Copyright © 1969 by Paramount Pictures Corporation

The Editors Speak:

COWARDLY COPS WHO SIT IN STEAM ROOMS

The continuing harassment of the Continental Baths by police under the direction of Deputy Inspector Bonacum, is deplored by the entire homosexual community. Mayor Lindsay's promises to end enticement and entrapment are being broken by Barnicum, and evidently have been endorsed by other high ranking police officials. A telegram sent by this newspaper to the Mayor's office brought a telephone response from his Press Secretary, Tom Morgan, who replied that the Mayor had no knowledge of such matters, and that questions should be directed to Police Commissioner Leary. We wonder if the Mayor himself saw the telegram intended for him, and if he approves of enticement and entrapment in a large and well-run bath and health club. We doubt that he does.

In any case, we would refer our readers to the Continental's letter-petition on one of the last pages of this paper. We urge readers to sign this letter. Silence will only add to police injustices already perpetrated. As a citizen and a taxpayer, you have every right to demand that an end to such tactics takes place. Your signature does not in any way suggest that you are a homosexual, but only that you are interested in civil rights and justice.

Police have no right to attempt the regulation of sexual behavior behind the closed doors of rented rooms. Nor should they be concerning themselves with such trivia when *real* crimes plague Manhattan streets. We urge you to support the Continental Bath and Health Club in its just struggle to remain in business. You should have nothing to fear from attendance at the baths as long as you are circumspect and tactful. Remember: the space behind the closed doors of a customer's rented room is his castle! If police invade, they are guilty of an invasion of privacy. We, as homosexuals, and, more importantly, as voters and taxpayers, object to such invasions.

THE QUALITY OF NUDE FILMS IS STRAINED

We are wondering why the quality of gay nudie films is generally so poor. And, we are also wondering why the price of admission to these films is so high! One of GAY's advertisers, the Eros I Theatre, has specialized in gay films for nearly a year. Now, we notice, the Eros I has been joined by the Eros II, a movie house catering to straights which stands right next door to its counterpart. The admission price to the straight films is only $3, while the gay films cost $5 to see. Is this discrimination, or are there certain problems which make gay films more expensive to produce? Whatever the case may be, the straight films are (as a rule) exceptionally well-made in contrast to gay ones. We should like to ask the owners of all gay movie houses (The Park-Miller, The Masque and the Eros I) to upgrade the quality of their homosexual movies. If homosexuals must pay more (which we question) let us at least have high quality films for the two *extra* bucks we pay. Otherwise, it seems, these theatres may rightfully be accused of exploitation.

WHBI-FM (105.9 ON YOUR DIAL)

Not enough radio stations are hip enough these days to invite gay people to speak about themselves. WHBI-FM has added its name to the tiny list of progressives by initiating an early morning program: TOGETHER. Homosexual couples have appeared more than once on this little-known program to discuss their life styles. We would suggest that TOGETHER be expanded to a longer format, and that the program be rerun later in the day so that more people may hear it. We would like to call upon other radio stations to "get with it" and to follow WHBI's example.

GAY

Publishers . . . . . Four Swords, Inc.
Executive Editors . . . . . Lige Clarke
Jack Nichols
Copy Editor . . . . . L. Stephen Buffkin
Art Directors . . . . . Wild Cherry Studio
Advertising Manager . . . . . Marcia Blackman

Wizards . . . . . Jim Buckley
Al Goldstein

Photographs: A.G., K.G., K.T.
Columnists: Dick Leitsch, Angelo d'Arcangelo, Lily Hansen, Randolfe Wicker, Robert Amsel, Aunti Butch, Dr. Leo Louis Martello, Dr. Stephen Kaiso, Ian J. Tree.

GAY is published bi-weekly by Four Swords, Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York City, New York, 10011. Tel (212) 989-1660.

Entire contents of GAY Copyright ©1970 by Four Swords, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or part strictly forbidden without written permission of the publisher.

CALIFORNIA TEACHERS SUPPORT GAY RIGHTS

Los Angeles, Calif. The California Federation of Teachers adopted a resolution of support for the homosexual cause at its recent convention in Los Angeles. The union, which represents teachers at all educational levels from elementary schools through college, deplored "harassment and intimidation", the federal government's "anti-homosexual policy" and other abuses of homosexual rights.

A "vigorous sex education program which explains the various American life-styles" was also called for by the California chapter of the nationwide American Federation of Teachers. Such courses would offer, as legitimate and valid, the alternatives to the single-family, monogamous, heterosexual mode.

The resolution was presented to the 250 convention delegates by Morgan Pinney, an assistant professor of Accounting at San Francisco State College. Adoption of the resolution puts the teacher's union in direct conflict with the State Education Department whose rules bar homosexuals from teaching in California. Though in conflict with their bosses, the teachers are clearly in line with the California Supreme Court, which recently ruled that mere proof of homosexual behavior was not sufficient grounds upon which to fire a teacher. ■●

GAY THEATERS WIN RIGHT TO ADVERTISE

New York, N.Y. Theatres showing homosexually-orientated films may again advertise in the *New York Times*. In late December that paper issued a notice that no more ads would be accepted from the Park-Miller, the Eros I or the Masque—or from any other theatre that exclusively showed homosexual or lesbian-orientated films.

The Mattachine Society immediately filed a protest, called a meeting of the management of the three theatres, and threatened to take legal action—alone or in a joint suit with the theatres—against the *Times* under the Federal anti-trust laws. Negotiations among the concerned parties resulted in the *Times* again opening its advertising columns to those theatres.

The paper's censors, like those at the *New York Post*, did insist that the advertising copy for a film at the Park-Miller called *Does Dracula Suck?* be changed to simply, *Does Dracula?* At that, they were more liberal than the *Daily News*, which would accept only one word of the title: *Dracula*.

New York's lesbian organization, the Daughters of Bilitis, is still trying to find the theatre which supposedly showed lesbian-orientated films mentioned in the *Times'* original order.

GAY GROUP FORMS AT CITY COLLEGE

New York, N.Y. A homosexual organization for students and faculty has been formed by a former Mattachine Society activist, L. Craig Schoonmaker at the City College of New York.

The new organization, *Homosexuals Intransigent*, is actively engaged in recruitment of members on City College campuses in the Bronx, Queens, and Brooklyn, and is seeking collaboration with similar NYU and Columbia activist societies in order to promote civil and social rights for homosexuals in academic circles.

Homosexual Intransigent seeks support from alumni, and aims at improving the status of homosexuals generally. It also works to instill self-affirming attitudes in students who have recently discovered themselves to be homosexually oriented.

Information about membership in *Homosexual Intransigent* may be obtained by writing to Craig Schoonmaker at 127 Riverside Drive, New York City, 10024. ■●

Gay NEWS

FEBRUARY 16, 1970, Volume 1, Number 6

The Continental Bath's Pool

POLICE CONTINUE ENTRAPMENT AT CONTINENTAL BATHS

New York, N.Y. Arrests of Continental Bath customers by officers from the 4th Division have continued, and have allegedly involved actions of a malicious nature. On the morning of January 17th, two cashiers at the baths were informed that two customers had been arrested. Shortly thereafter, Police Lieutenant Di Martino appeared and arrested the cashiers, who legally are entitled to receive Vera summonses and report to the court for arraignment on their own recognizance. The Vera summonses were denied, however, causing the detainment of four arresting officers and the two cashiers for a period of 18 hours. One of the cashiers claims that even his right to call his attorney was denied.

In a statement by attorneys for the Continental Baths, it has been noted that two arrests at 11:55 PM on January 17th, were "conspiratorial" in nature. The statement says, "A car was waiting outside—since no phones were in operation in the Baths at the time, there must have been a prearranged time for 12:00 AM meeting—definitely a conspiracy."

The statement continues to note that, at 12:50 AM on the 18th a cashier who had just come on duty was arrested. As he had not been present at the time of the initial arrest—or at the time of the alleged criminal act— the Baths see his seizure as "obviously malicious".

On the night of January 19th, twenty officers entered the baths to look for offenses of a homosexual nature. Arrests were made and witnesses related the physical and verbal abuse of at least one of the arrestees. One officer, a Negro, was said to have "slammed" the customer against a partition saying, "You want to kiss something, you can kiss my big black ass. You can suck my big black cock, you rotten no-good son-of-a-bitch, you fag bastard!"

The attacks against the Continental Baths, which have also included a series of token summonses for offenses such as "no soap in the toilet" or "uncovered garbage cans", are said to be the result of a personal campaign by Deputy Inspector Barnicum of the 4th District. Inspector Barnicum has said, "Homosexual activites are going on on the premises, and these must stop." Mayor Lindsay has officially called for a stop to enticement/entrapment arrests of homosexuals, for which he received a great deal of support from the gay community in last year's election. Inspector Barnicum appears to be overlooking the executive dictum in carrying out this crusade against the baths. ■●

sodomy CHARGES fly AT CHE TRIAL

New York, N.Y. The trial of the producer, director, cast and other persons associated with the off-Broadway production, *Che*, got under way here recently. Request for a trial by jury was denied because, despite the possibility of heavy fines and jail terms, each of the 54 indictments against the defendants represents a misdemeanor.

The bench is a three-judge panel of the New York State Criminal Court, and the prosecution is being argued by Assistant District Attorney, Kenneth Conboy. Up to the present, the principal prosecution witness has been Vice Squad Detective Seymour Pine, who has spent several days on the stand testifying to each of the 54 counts. On Monday, January 19, the prosecution called David Merrick, top Broadway producer to the stand. Merrick, a willing witness for the State testified that he found no "socially redeeming value" in *Che*.

The play, which is a sexual allegory of revolutionary politics was found obscene by police, mainly because of the representation of sodomy on the stage. The prosecutor hopes, at least, to prove that "simulated" sodomy took place, if not actual sodomy. Simulated sodomy, apparently, is a violation of the law.

The trial has been unique in its exhaustive efforts to pinpoint anatomical locations and to discreetly describe the actions that took place. *Che*, meanwhile, continues to run in a slightly altered form at the Free Store Theatre on the Bowery. ■●

GAY ACTIVISTS SPONSOR PETITION

New York, N.Y. The Gay Activist Alliance, a newly formed organization which aims at liberating homosexuals from psychological, sociological and physical "gay ghettos" is asking gays and others to sign a petition which says:

To Carol Greitzer, of the 2nd Councilmanic District which includes Greenwich Village, the undersigned demands the following for immediate consideration and action:

1. That Mrs. Greitzer introduce to the City Council a bill prohibiting public or private employment discrimination on the basis of homosexuality.

2. That Mrs. Greitzer, through the prestige of her office, seek the repeal of existing laws prohibiting the solicitation

(continued on p. 20)

CRUISING DOWN THE BAYOU: MARDI GRAS '70

BY ANDREW TANET

Mardi Gras! The word alone conjures up many things to just as many people. The date of Mardi Gras this year is Feb. 10, 1970. For those planning to visit New Orleans for the festivities, the information provided in this article may prove invaluable.

It is a well-known fact that whenever a city has some special occasion or holiday, prices invariably escalate along with the general merriment, and New Orleans is no exception to this rule. Prices can get out of hand and the unwary person may find himself running short of bread faster than he had planned. Therefore, it is to your advantage to know where (and where not) to eat during your stay. If you wish to splurge on one single occasion merely to taste some of the local cuisine, fine, but this article is designed to help those who have limited incomes and frugal dispositions.

CUISINE:

ERNY'S RESTAURANT, 900 block of Royal St. (across from the Cornstalk Guest House) Gay restaurant with good, inexpensive food. Eat with your peers. Price of a full meal is $2. You'll love the owner. Beautiful man.

COFFEE POT, 714 St. Peter St. Regular menus until the weekend of Mardi Gras when they switch to sandwiches only. Inexpensive, food fair, clientele mostly gay.

CAFE DU MONDE COFFEE SHOP (at the French Market) Usually very crowded, but worth the wait for cafe au lait and doughnuts. Good for early mornings or following parades. Cruisy area, but rest rooms are "bugged". Lots of straight tourists, but always a number of gays around.

HOSTELRY:

LAFITTE GUEST HOUSE, 1003 Bourbon St., 522-8751, Andy Crocchiolo, Mgr. Gay atmosphere, conveniently located and no embarrassing questions.

CORNSTALK GUEST HOUSE, 915 Royal St., 523-1515 or 522-6297. (Not gay, but convenient.)

VIEUX CARRE MOTOR LODGE, 920 N. Rampart St., 524-0461. Straight, but campy. Homing place for most N.Y. drags. Reservations FAR in advance WITH DEPOSIT REQUIRED.

There are many other hotels and motels, but these are recommended because of their convenience. All are within walking distance to anything you'd like to see or do. If reservations are impossible to get, I recommend contacting friends in New Orleans or placing an ad in a paper seeking lodging in some gay apartment.

CRUISINES:

CANAL BATHS, 512 Gravier St., 522-3850. Open afternoons and all night.

CAVERNS BAR, 801 Bourbon.

GALLEY HOUSE, 542 Chartres (Usually older patrons but during Mardi Gras, all ages are present.)

LAFITTE'S IN EXILE, 901 Bourbon, the *IN PLACE*, mostly young clientele, good-looking, groovy types.

PETE'S PLACE, 800 Bourbon St., campy bar, cruisy.

PARADES:

The best place to view parades is on Royal St. between St. Peter and Toulouse Sts. It is almost an exclusively gay area (with a few bewildered straights who usually leave shortly). Crowds are large, groping, contagious and the "general feeling" is enjoyable. The most elaborate parade of the season is that of the Krewe of Bacchus which is held on the Sunday night before Mardi Gras. If at all possible, don't miss this exciting show. As parades go, it is better than those staged on Mardi Gras day.

CLOTHING:

New Orleans weather is unpredictable. Bring a jacket as temperatures may range down into the mid-forties. Wear comfortable clothes and shoes to parades and bars. Lots of standing. Not much formality there at this time of year along gay lines.

COSTUMES FOR MARDI GRAS:

The wild, elaborate costumes of bygone years have, for the most part, disappeared from the streets and onto ballroom floors. If this is your interest, try to wangle an invitation to one of them from a friend. There are now five gay balls presented each year.

On the street for Mardi Gras Day, a good deal of nudity is permissible, the exception being complete *genital* nudity. Many costumes display most of what the wearer has. If possible, bring your own costume or borrow one, as rentals are unsatisfactory and unreliable. You might have to take any old rag for an expensive price. Some leather lovers are out in their regalia as well as many drags. Be sure to catch the costume contest in front of **Lafitte's In Exile** in the afternoon. Loving cups are given for various catagories.

Because of overcrowding and the influx of visitors, the bars are generally jammed and many "group therapists" are in circulation. Be prepared to have hands all over you.

You will find New Orleans' gays friendly but apt to be a bit absent-minded during the season. You may find yourself invited to impromptu parties and gatherings in French Quarter homes. Everyone has "the spirit" and even those usually *hung-up* come out of their shells for the duration of the festivities. The distraction of the local gay population is understandable when one considers the number of houseguests they invariably have, the plans that have been made and the keeping track of same, in addition to the stimulus from the arrival of many fresh faces.

There is so much to see and do during Mardi Gras that you will not be sorry for having made the trip. If you follow the advice given herein regarding accommodations and food, your stay should prove to be one of the most inexpensive vacations you've ever had, but *only* if you avoid the pitfalls.

If your interests include historical and cultural affairs visit Jackson Square and the Pontalba Apartments (the oldest apartment buildings in the U.S.). The Wax Museum on Conti St. has elaborate representations of New Orleans and Louisiana history. It is reputed to be one of the best of its kind anywhere.

You can take a Bayou Cruise or a ride on the President, a river steamer which tours the port and its facilities.

Try your favorite drink and get an unsurpassed view of New Orleans by night from the TOP OF THE MART in the Trade Mart Building. A good combo provides entertaining background music.

Around Jackson Square, the local artists display their wares, and others more prominent, have private galleries along Royal, Bourbon and Dumaine Streets. All are worth some browsing and there are many antique stores, most of which are concentrated in the first few blocks of Royal Street.

The now-legendary "STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE", since replaced by a more efficient bus, is still on display in the French Market area.

Then you can always walk up and down Bourbon St. The mass of humanity which is concentrated on this small, busy street is not to be believed! One can never tire of the different little side shows provided by our fellow human beings on such occasions. You can stay on Bourbon Street for hours taking part in the general merriment.

And, last but not least, try Preservation Hall, right next to Pat O'Brien's bar on St. Peter St. If you're a jazz buff, you won't want to miss hearing authentic, New Orleans jazz played by some of the original musicians who contributed to its birth. Since they are now very old men, allowances must be made for mistakes and you must take into account that original jazz was an impromptu thing—often created on the spot—therefore, there was (and still is) room for error. So, don't exepct each performance to be letter perfect.

Forewarned is forearmed, so with these helpful hints in mind, your stay in the Crescent City should prove to be memorable and enjoyable (weather permitting). Here's wishing you a Merry Mardi Gras. May it be all that you've ever hoped it was!

★★★★★★★★★★★

THE GAY COP

★★★★★★★★★★★

Are Baths His Beat? Is Leather His Bag?

★★★★★★★★★★★

BY HECTOR SIMMS

Yes, Mother, there *are* gay cops. Cops who suck, fuck, rim, and do all the delightful things other smart people are doing. There were plenty of gay cops in your day, too, but they weren't as visible as now, because they shared the national pastime of lurking in closets. This is a new day. Not only have these guardians of the public weal discovered they are also people, as well as weal-watchers, many of them now frequent the same places for the same purposes as the rest of us. Peace, it's wonderful, as Father Divine used to say.

There are at least two thousand gay cops (male and female) in New York City. This estimate is not plucked out of some amyl nitrate hallucination but is based upon the sober figures of several high-ranking, veteran, gay cops whose shrewd eyes have long been trained to spot a "Sister" as fast as a shoplifter. Sister in a figurative sense, of course. We don't want to put down our super-butch gay officers.

The next time some guy tosses a gun on your dresser before climbing into bed with you, you can be fairly sure he's a gay cop. Robbers ordinarily display their guns only when they intend using them and don't worry about getting arrested, either. If the new breed of gay cop lets you see that gun so openly, it's to tell you he's more interested in balling than busting. And why not? He is probably bored sleeping with his shield.

There are no nelly cops, of course. The nature of their profession demands a certain amount of discretion in appearance and attire. They are expected to be strong and manly, and a nelly cop would more likely provoke a riot than be able to control one. The gay cop can safely be said to be an exact *outward* duplicate of his straight brother officers. He must maintain this exterior, not only to hold his job, but as protection against those straight brothers who are not notorious for their gentle understanding natures. Cops are rarely chosen for their shining intellects, and the gays ones aren't very bright, either.

Interviews with one hundred homosexual policemen (obtained with more diplomacy and political guile than would be necessary to elect a Pope) turned up some fascinating facts. After solemn promises of anonymity, a kiss or two (plus three fantastic lays), and the mention of several very powerful superiors of theirs (also gay), the gentlemen of the law talked quite freely. At most of the interviews, another gay cop was brought along to reassure everyone concerned that the reporter was neither a spy for the shoofly squad of the NYPD nor a Communist agent plotting some sinister expose for a *certain foreign power*. In several cases, it was almost necessary for the reporter to sign affidavits that not only did he also suck cocks but LOVED it.

Enough about the scientific methods of conducting this survey, and on to the nitty-gritty. The black cops were more reticent, but they proved to be somewhat more literate and status-conscious than their white counterparts. They all shared one thing in common besides their color. Not one of them had the slightest interest in balling other black people. Only two out of the fifteen interviewed had *ever* had sex with another Negro, and both recalled that this was during their early adolescent group-grope days. All of these black cops preferred blonde white boys, and four of them had lovers of this description.

They all preferred fucking to sucking, but only one denied that he had ever sucked. Most of them admitted that they would play either active or passive as the situation demanded, but two confessed they dug getting fucked. All of them go to gay dancing clubs, and one revealed that he has lived for six years as man and wife with a beautiful white drag queen. All his neighbors and straight brother officers think he is married to a real woman. Only their proctologist knows for sure.

The white cops were another matter. They ranged in age from 22 to 58 and from gorgeous to ghastly. From lowly rookie to deputy-inspector and from A to Z in sexual sports department. They included leather freaks, transvestites, golden shower queens, chicken hawks, a few fairly ordinary gay guys, and even one specimen who digs getting fucked only while wearing his uniform jacket and cap. The younger ones were the freakiest, as might be expected in this age of sexual expansion (whatever that means).

Black and white, there is a thin ugly thread which sews them all up in the same bag. Every one of them is involved in the S&M scene, either mentally or physically. Of course, this is also true of cops in general, regardless of sexual orientation. Police work is notoriously attractive to people with unattractive heads, to put it charitably. Many of the gay cops frequent the leather bars and dig the full S&M scene, including belts, chains, leather bedspreads, and all the rest of that sick bullshit. Others love to play the mental put-down scene and choose sex partners specifically for this purpose. They go to bed with murder, not fucking, on their minds.

Most of the white cops expressed a fondness for young swishy boys or drag queens. It was amusing to note that some of them liked to get fucked by these effeminate types. So much for the super-butch image! Only a few preferred other butch numbers, and these were all leather freaks, so who knows? Just seven had lovers, and the others were all happy whores. Or if not happy, one could say *busy*.

One high-ranking officer had a campy anecdote to illustrate what he imagines to be his *simpatico* nature. Several years ago, he and his partner (merely detectives at that time) were called upon to investigate a rowdy party which had already been visited three times by uniformed men, but which was still blasting away at full volume. His partner was a straight fuck of the most hostile type and decided to call the paddy wagon, while our dear friend went upstairs to detain the guests. He discovered it was a gay party full of horny young Puerto Ricans smoking pot and dancing. After quickly making a date with the beauty who answered the door, he warned them all to leave before the wagon arrived. When his partner returned from making the evil phone call, he grimly announced that the party had broken up before he had climbed the stairs. No bust. Pity. Later that night, off-duty, he and his trick from the party gaily discussed the event and had a most instructive session of homosexual muscle-swapping.

Another cop told of the two gay ones who were partners on the same beat, the south side of the gay 42nd Street block. They were notorious in every sleazy Eighth Avenue Hotel, where they were seen each evening on their way upstairs to "grill" invariably young and pretty suspects in privacy beyond the call of duty. They were both chicken hawks of astonishing appetite and cunning. Their favorite *modus operandi*, to borrow a phrase from our sisters at Scotland Yard, was to stop some young beauty on any pretext, question him with brief severity, and then drag him off to one of their hip hotels. Once there, it would be a matter of "put out or be put in." As far as can be known, they had an unbroken record of victories. It appears that most boys would rather surrender their asses (or cocks) than their freedom. And why not?

Most gay cops prefer the Village bars. It is difficult to be conspicuous in any of them, so they presumably feel safer there. Also, they are easier to cruise, as some Ford Foundation report is sure to reveal eventually. In fact, the highest-ranking of the cops interviewed openly visits all the dancing clubs and couldn't care less who sees him. He knows where too many bodies are buried to worry about his job.

No policewomen were interviewed, but it is no secret that there is a very large lesbian colony in that department. Many of them are quite butch and highly visible, but nobody seems to be surprised, of course. An amazingly large percentage are black, and they are the butchest. Take a walk around Police Headquarters some rainy day, and you will see the Isle of Lesbos in full flower with nobody giving a fuck about it.

One intriguing little footnote: I almost forgot to mention the case of one gay cop who digs only sex-changes. He has slept with almost every one of them in the metropolitan area, and that's a lot of synthetic pussy. Although he admits he is gay, he claims it gives him double kicks to ball a woman who is really a boy without a dick. Go unravel that one!

So we have a couple of thousand homosexual policemen in town. We also have homosexual embalmers, display queens, bus drivers, fig-stuffers, and pickpockets. Not to mention U.N. diplomats, chefs, steelworkers, and lace-tatters. Homosexuals, as always, are everywhere. Isn't it beautiful? ■●

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

TEEN CHALLENGE: Unbuckle the Bible's Belt

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

Ige and Jack, the editors of GAY, as winsome a couple as ever I've met—two men of stupefying and relentless wholesomeness— pressed into my hands some reading matter thinking it might serve as material for an article. These two pieces of printed filth have so appalled me I cannot but follow the suggestion. The world needs to know about such madness in order to defend itself.

The first of these articles is a little folder called "GAY" (not this paper). That telltale word is lettered suggestively on a field of brown. Turning the folder over and hoping for pornography, I find, TEEN CHALLENGE, and an address, 444 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238, and this telephone number: 789-1414. "GAY" turns out to be an excruciating bit of pseudo-biblical poison, chock-full of dear old favorites like II Thessalonians 2:10–12, and Leviticus 18:22. A real conversation piece! Keep a copy in the john beside the lemon soap.

Immediately under this sanctimonious *merde* I find their second choice for home reading. A glance at the cover gives it all away this time. It's called "HOPE FOR HOMOSEXUALS" and is issued by the same outfit, presumably. The last page offers this exciting service: *"For Special Counseling and Help* CONTACT: TEEN CHALLENGE – 69 Box 161, New York 1, New York. Phone: MA2-6196 and MA2-6565."

When have you seen anything more brazen? I'll match it! *Teenagers! For special help in 69 or any other position, call ME!* How's that?

Well, Angelo, if you're going to deal in this nonsense, you might as well include that blockbuster, *GROWING UP STRAIGHT* by Peter and Barbara Wyden. This handbook, subtitled, *What Every Thoughtful Parent Should Know About Homosexuality* is, if possible, more sickening and more sick-making than even the two naive pieces which

precede it. Nevertheless, on to "GAY".

I quote. "DON'T CALL ME QUEER, CALL ME 'GAY'!" This intriguing rhetoric begins the work. *"The word 'gay' is a deception. . . Does this describe the tears and despair and the unsatisfied longing, desiring. . . lusting? Pity the one called gay. There is nothing gay about being gay. You may think God doesn't care one way or another what you do with your sex life, but listen to what He has to say:* **You shall not lie with a man as with a woman; it is an abomination.** *Abomination is defined as anything that excites disgust, hatred, or loathing; any detestable act or practice."*

How true! And I think the whole point of that argument is well taken. You shouldn't sleep with anybody who feels that way about sex. If they want to be miserable, let them. Sleep with people who like it. Furthermore, I do think it is a mistake to "Lie with a man as with a woman." You won't get the best out of him that way. Fuck him like a man!

Turning page after page, I find nothing more until I come to a fascinatingly obscure bit: *"For if the mighty works done in you had been done in Sodom,"* (Land!) *"it would have continued until today."* Is that an endorsement or is that an endorsement? Further on there are pleasant slogans suitable for embroidery on samplers and the like. For example, *"We are kept free from homosexuality by being identified with the death of Jesus Christ."* Whatever that means. Or more obliquely, **"Therefore if any person is (ingrafted) in Christ, the Messiah, he is (a new creature altogether) a new creation; the old (previous moral and spiritual condition) has passed away. Behold, the fresh and new has come!** *Anyone may come. If you are desperate. . .* " Roger Dean wrote that. Who is Roger Dean? Precisely. He ended "GAY" with this paragraph which preceeds his name. I quote: "You are not gay, you are miserable. You are not gay, you are polluted and filthy. You are not gay, you are snared in a world of lust and refuse to accept the love of God that can deliver you. You will not be gay in Hell, but tormented far worse than in this life. Will you be free? Roger Dean." Pity about Roger. But we can get at the truth simply by using logic's reversal on that paragraph. "I am gay, therefore I am not miserable. I am gay, I am not polluted and filthy. I am gay, not snared in a world of lust, and I refuse the love of a God who offers to deliver me from a world of his own making. To hell with torment in this or any other life. I am free, Roger Dean, free!

I would suggest sending cards of condolence to poor Roger. He, more than almost anybody else, is a living testament to the putrescence of Judeo-Christian thought, and how that must hurt! To be so involved in, so obsessed by visions of men, their nakedness, their lusts, and to feel oneself filthy and depraved! But this problem is topped by the ever-pathological David Wilkerson of TEEN CHALLENGE.

Paragraph one. "'Homosexuality is a problem as old as the world,' an eminent psychiatrist said recently, 'yet it is now so extensive it bears comparison to the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.'" Isn't that curious? My reading of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* convinced me that the downfall was the cancerous invasion of the Roman Free Spirit by the Judeo-Christian ethos. I think this must be the case, for Rome did fall, though homosexualism remained and still remains constant, and that fall is regarded as the triumph of the church. But then, psychiatrists who are referred to anonymously as "eminent" are never expected to be either coherent or historically relevent.

For five pages, Wilkerson in a froth of paranoia, blathers on about the ever-impending dangers of homosexualism. He lays it bare with this sentence, "Actually there are no positive statistics that can be proven as accurate, yet one thing is certain – homosexuals are the only people in our society who do not reproduce themselves biologically yet whose number grows steadily." To any reasonable, reasoning person, that phenomenon (which probably isn't true) would suggest that in a land ruled by majority will, most people want a homosexual society. And if that's true one ought to wear bumper stickers too; *America, love it or leave it!* Homosexualism, so obsessive a problem to Wilkerson, is evidently an American phenomenon, for he states a little further, "Russia, supposedly a godless nation, has no homosexual problem." Well, Wilkerson, there's your answer. Get rid of God and you'll get rid of the Homosexual problem. Not homosexuality, but the "problem" about it. If, as he further states, "America" (the Americas?) "Europe and Asia have the most prevalent homosexual problem," the only reasonable solution would be for every militant hysterical heterosexual–led by D.W. himself–to go to Australia, Africa, or Antarctica. That would leave what I believe we call *the civilized world* free of god-mongers. However, I don't think the Africans would welcome another wave of missionaries any more than would the beautiful Aussies give up their lands and muscular freedoms. That leaves Antarctica. Dave, hurry.

But I'm too glib. Wilkerson has more to say. He states that homosexuals dominate the wearing apparel industry and cites every fashion trend since the farthingale as being decadent and queer, leaving only, I suppose, the clergy's black as safe and straight. No more bathing suits. No more fashion models or that most nefarious "homosexual cosmetic market" with its "toilet water, bath salts". Say goodbye to "paper-backed books and greeting cards, and even to valentines."

By the way, did you know, "The jargon now scribbled on the walls of men's rooms is over 80% homosexual in meaning?" Makes you think, doesn't it? What a survey he must have taken!

Dave evidently cruised the gyms too. Get this! "Homosexuals have invaded gyms, health clubs and turkish baths. *"They smile brightly at one another as they mince, swagger or toddle through their calisthenics, revealing an inclination to work in teams."* (My italics) "Intimate physical contact between partners is common. They pass weighty barbells and dumbbells to one another with endearing smiles." Be on your guard. If anybody toddles over to you with 200 lbs. of iron on his arms, you just *know* what he's thinking! Him and his endearing smile!

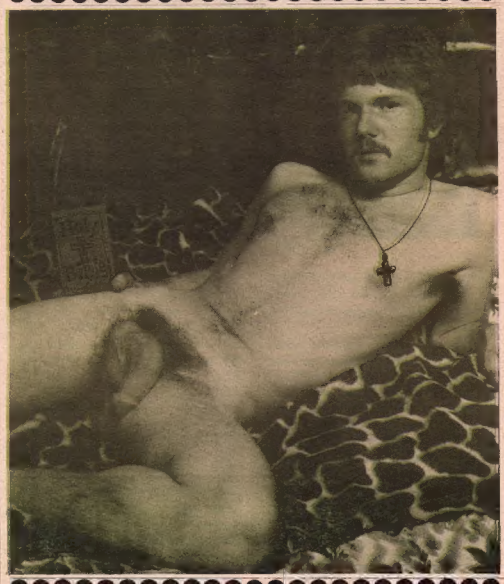
THE CAUSE AND THE CURE

Surely the most harrowing pursuit in reading *Hope for Homosexuals"* is that of meaning, of good sense, of logic. However, after two readings and some backtracking, I was able to find in a chapter called THE CURE, the thread of the man's argument. Perversely enough, he gives even that away with the first sentence: "Medical science states emphatically: 'A specific cure for true homosexuality does not exist.'" Undaunted even by this, I find on the last page, "The only cure for homosexuality is a reversal of *the three causes."* (My italics) This "reversal" is outlined further in the next chapter entitled, "Dear George". But to find out what the "three causes" are we must go back to the previous chapter. The causes stand out in italics and bristle with subheadings of an obviously "fundamentalist" nature. CAUSE ONE: A REJECTION OF THE DIETY OF GOD! CAUSE TWO: REJECTION OF GOD'S REVEALED TRUTH! CAUSE THREE: A GLORIFICATION OF THE CREATURE INSTEAD OF THE CREATOR!

That ought to be clear enough to anybody, but before going ahead to "Dear George" and how to get the "cure", I recommend a paragraph opposite CAUSE ONE. It says, "Science is constantly reevaluating its research findings and cannot find the 'real' cause of homosexuality. Even Freud himself agreed that homosexuality was beyond man's power and that all that can be done for the homosexual is to destroy his feelings of guilt and anxiety." There seems to be a little bit of a contradiction there, but let's find out what's in store for George.

This "Open Letter to a Homosexual" is perhaps a true response to some tortured teentimer. I imagine the effect on George in his time of need must have been eviscerating. Commenting on George's letter, Dave says, "I never yet met a single homosexual who *really* wanted out of the life." Nevertheless, after several long and increasingly bleak paragraphs Dave says, "There is only one way out and you must take it or die in your sin. *"You must return to God."* Further, *"You must accept the Bible as the authoritative Word of God."* Will that do it, you ask yourself? George must have asked himself so. Well, Dave is not giving anything away that easily. . . "This is *an important step* toward freedom from homosexuality." (My italics.) Just a step? What else, George asks? Dave answers, "Do you really want out? Then *you must learn to hate, despise, crucify and mortify your flesh.* You must learn to look into a mirror and honestly say, 'My body, my flesh, is worthless, worm-eaten, and full of decay and death!' Cultivate a shame for your nakedness." And here's a friendly little cul de sac, *"Burn all books, pictures, novels or letters that are questionable."* (My italics.)

Well, George, there you are! Easy as pie. Emasculate yourself. You won't be homosexual anymore; you won't be heterosexual either, but at least God will



love you; low, filthy, worm-eaten, shameful and stinking teen-aged *you*, for "God is love–He is full of tender mercies and compassion to all generations." How do I know? Dave Wilkerson told me so. You'll forgive me if I don't rush to join you, I hope. I choose to identify myself with the predominant five-sixths of the world's population who find Christianity more than a little embarrassing.

Before we let David Wilkerson go, I think we ought to take cognizance of his amusing views on Lesbianism. Alas, he doesn't go into detail on this subject, girls, and you will have to find your own means to healthful self-loathing. Nevertheless this chapter is three whimsy-filled pages worth saving. Sample: "Lesbianism, a synonym for female homosexuality, is derived from the life and work of the Greek poetess Sappho whose morbid poems describe love between young girls on the Island of Lesbos. It is similar in many ways to homosexuality in men." Except that it's different.

"Lesbian sex rings are springing up in many high schools in the United States." Go, Dave baby! Not in Godless Russia I'll bet! Go! Go! "The flame of perversion is being fanned by lewd novels. . ." Pant! Pant! ". . . and books now freely obtained at most newsstands." Gasp! "Books such as *The Dyke Sisters, We Too Must Love, Lesbian Lovers,* and *Well of Loneliness,* smack. . ." Beaver shots? ". . . of open lesbian activities."

GROWING UP SCARED

Enough! I'm sure most of our secure, sophisticated readers; our worldly, well-adjusted toddlers, seldom come in contact with or are susceptible to the septic prose of these or similar tracts. This almost regional malarkey is not often found in middle-class homes above, only below the "Bible Belt". Here on the sinking shores of civilization we are plagued by a more polite and far more subtle effluvium; that of the heavily-endorsed pseudo-psychiatric paperback. No book is more base; none stoop lower than GROWING UP STRAIGHT.

Before judging this book or even the pamphlets mentioned here, it's important to recognize that these efforts are aimed at capitalizing upon a condition. That condition is fear; it springs out of ignorance. They reinforce fear. They do not eradicate it. Rather, they condition already frightened people to believe that they are not alone, and that many others are at least as frightened as they are, and finally, that many frightened people (a supposedly threatened majority) are entitled to hate, persecute and destroy those who frighten them. Of course, you will never kill enough people to kill fear itself, unless The Bomb means just that. This fear springs from the unknown within ourselves; the mysterious and uncontrollable wellsprings of our beings. For nearly three thousand years western civilization has been plagued by a tradition which attempts to mutilate and subvert essential human nature. But, if you intend to mutilate successfully, why then, begin with children.

The first line of the introduction to GROWING UP STRAIGHT begins, "The possibility that one's child may become a homosexual seems, to American parents, as remote as it is repugnant. Yet the unpleasant truth is that homosexuality is surprisingly common in our culture." There it is. If it's surprisingly common, then why is it remote or repugnant? Why does it seem un-American? Because there's money in thinking so, writing so.

Reading down through the introduction we see homosexuality referred to as "the disorder" (twice), "the ailment" and "the problem". The shade of The National Institute of Mental Health is invoked, for "homosexuality is one of the major challenges facing psychiatry." Sure it is! It can't be cured. That's a challenge alright. But you can make a lot of money trying to cure it. It's the twentieth century Philosopher's Stone; the triumph of mental alchemy. In other words, homosexualixm means big money for the witch doctors. Who would pay for treatment if nobody feared it? You? But Stanley F. Yolles, M.D., director of the said Institute is not concerned with appearing ridiculous in print when he writes, "One of the most poignant aspects of the problem is the desire for many confirmed homosexuals to be cured. In a recent survey, they reported overwhelmingly that they would not want their own sons to follow in their footsteps." Nine out of ten doctors report fairies' sons are lower in tars, longer, and milder, much milder. Of course, it's all gibberish. Witness this sentence and then tell me what it means. "With broadened parental understanding and more scientific research, hopefully, the chances that anyone's child will become a victim of homosexuality will eventually decrease." Hopefully! Eventually! Mindrot.

In "A PERSONAL NOTE TO OUR READERS", the authors promise that "this book provides these answers." As to when and how to *prevent* homosexuality in children, naturally. But even the first chapter is so baffling, so tentative and hesitant, so misleading, there isn't any doubt in my mind that even the authors know they in fact *cannot,* short of infanticide, provide any worthwhile method of preventing homosexuality. Quoting them we find. . . "experts still cannot even agree whether a homosexual is 'ill' or 'abberant' or perhaps 'deviant' or whether he has simply fallen into an 'adaptation' that happens to be different from the heterosexual norm dictated by current Western custom." And further, "We" (the authors) "were warned that too many basic questions have not been fully settled; that too many people who would read the book would lack sufficient insight to benefit from it; that too many parents are already far too fearful about the masculinity of their sons and the femininity of their daughters; that the book might cause these mothers and fathers to turn even more hypersensitive and to pry even deeper into the personal lives of youngsters

(continued on p. 19)

JOHN WAYNE
A MAN'S MAN?

BY BOB AMSEL

In the late 1800's, a doctor out West came up with a rather unusual discovery. He found that cowboys who rode in the saddle all day often had atrophied genitals. He explained this amazing phenomenon thusly—because of the year-in, year-out horseback riding position, and because these men actually "lived in the saddle," the circulation of blood had been cut off from their pricks—resulting in atrophy.

If the doctor's findings were valid, it might explain why cowboys were always seeking new and different ways to assert their masculinity. Could it be that a whole new American image of attempted virility evolved from the cowboy's teenie weenie? If so, western movie heros like John Wayne are, in essence, acting out the overcompensating aggressiveness of these early settlers. This is not to say that John Wayne is unendowed. Having never seen the "Duke" undraped, I have no basis for judgement. I am merely stating that John Wayne portrays a particular type of character on the screen who might have evolved from the inch-cock cowboys of yore.

And yet, John Wayne's brand of he-manism has become an American institution. At least, until the hippie movement reared its unisexual head, John Wayne represented the American masculine ideal. And what exactly is this ideal? How does it affect homosexuals? What does it do to women? How do heterosexual men often respond to it? These are questions I will attempt to answer.

Before I begin, I must state my belief that the only valid difference between men and women is a biological one. Any other distinctions result from environment. There are certain "shrinks" who will argue that men are naturally aggressive, and that women are naturally passive, but after seeing some of these good doctors with their wives, it is difficult to take their babblings seriously.

But when a male child is brought up under a system that provides a narrow type of emotional and sexual expression, he may often find that he cannot live up to it. An ideal by

MADONNA AND CHILD

a man to cry when he has something to cry about? If the tears start flowing, why should he feel any less a man? Yet, he often does.

Why must a man feel that women are naturally weak little pussycats whom he must watch over and protect? Hasn't it been established that women are biologically more fit (due to their ability to bear brats) to endure greater pain and stress than men? Is man's sense of superiority founded on his fear of being less than a man if women are ever considered equal?

Why can't a man be allowed the same freedom to express himself emotionally that women can? Is it unnatural to see two straight women kissing each other upon meeting? And yet, if two men kiss each other, they are considered less than men, or worse yet, "faggots."

And what of love? Is it a weak, supposedly "feminine" emotion? Is violence a naturally "masculine" characteristic? Is a pistol or a sharp-shooter the means by which a man should express himself. Is it better to jerk-off with a gun up your ass? Watch a John Wayne movie sometime; then, answer the above questions. After all, the "Duke's" fundamental action on the screen is one of violence. *The Green Berets* could easily be one of the most pornographic movies of recent years, if one wishes to look upon murder (or "hero killing" if you prefer) as obscene.

But John Wayne remains a phenomenon in an almost anachronistic way. After all, we are told that the Hollywood "star system" is dead. Today, an actor or actress must continue to make good pictures or his or her career is finished. We are more attracted to good scripts and good directors. Without these, an actor will drop in box-office potential, no matter how powerful his actual acting performance. This is not true of John Wayne. With the exception of the folksy *True Grit* (dubbed by cynics—True Shit), many of his pictures are universally panned. But the public doesn't care. They wish to buy what John Wayne offers, and the aging man is more of a star today than he ever was.

Yet, people continue to glorify War movies and Westerns, while condemning films that depict violence in ugly, realistic terms. The ending of *Bonnie and Clyde* did not exactly advocate violence as a way of life. The bloodletting was nauseating, but it had a lesson to teach. But what did the *Green Berets* have to tell us?

Still, violence is only one aspect of the John Wayne ideal. An obvious hatred of homosexuality is a serious by-product. After all, in a gay relationship, one man often assumes a passive role. Isn't such a role degrading for the person who accepts aggressiveness as a strictly masculine characteristic? Are not men meant to be on an equal level to each other, while women are meant to be the passive, homemaking, unresponsive receptacles of their animalistic lust? Is it true that many men freakout when a woman wishes to actively take a ride on his cock?

There are many interesting things that can happen when a boy is raised in a hokey household in which the John Wayne "virtues" are advocated. The definition cannot be achieved, but is something to strive for. When an ideal is so unrealistic that only John Wayne-on-the-silver-screen can accomplish it, there are bound to be problems. After all, why is it wrong for most normal reaction for a child is the fear of not making the grade, stemming probably from the fact that he is a human being. He may ultimately realize that the values were wrong to begin with and disregard them. He may, however, believe that they are valid, but since he cannot reach these standards, he assumes a passive role searching for these qualities in other men—thereby becoming one variety of passive homosexual. Or, he may continue to strive for the impossible John Wayne ideal of masculinity, always feeling rather insecure as a result. The college fraternity types who must continually double and triple date (with their buddies along) are prime examples of this fear of not making the grade with women. If such boys dislike and fear homosexuals who don't give a damn about their values, is it any wonder?

But gay guys have each other. Sympathy should rest with women. After all, what girl wants to marry some guy when she must continually hold his clammy hand and reassure him of his "butchness?" If you know any groovy chicks on the make, ask them about this problem; chances are, they can tell you a cuntful.

In using John Wayne's image as a focal point, I do not wish to condemn the man personally. After all, he seems to be caught up in his own bag. His hawkish attitudes and his staggering stance are not in the least bit hypocritical. He believes in the movies he makes and the things he says. He is reported to be an extremely pleasant, even popular person among his confreres. In fact, he even has a good chance of winning an Oscar in *True Grit* for his performance, an emotional (and sometimes political) accolade presented with love from the motion picture industry.

I admire the "Duke" for his courage and determination in bringing to fruition his convictions. But I loathe these convictions and everything John Wayne represents on the motion picture screen. But had John Wayne never existed, the masculine ideal he represented still would. It is founded on many things—Puritanism, religion, power, philosophy, misplaced heroism, exaggerated patriotism, the former role of women before feminism—and of course, the atrophied cowboy cocks mentioned earlier. If John Wayne has influenced several generations of Americans, he should not be hated for it. After all, isn't the "Duke" the product of his own environment? Can he be blamed for doing to others what has been done to him? Unaware of the wrong he may be perpetrating, John Wayne is innocent. He will probably go to his grave a contented fellow, but we must do everything in our power to stop the carbon copies he leaves behind from having any influence over us.

BONERS IN THE BALCONY

BY ROBEY CONWAY

"Marry me," he said.
"No."
"Then take me home, dummy!"
"No."
"Mkae love to me here, then."
"No."
"In the tearoom?"
"Never!"
"At the baths? In the parking lot across the way?"
"No."
"Oh, please, then, beneath the bar? In a parked car? In an alley? *Any*where? Down at the wharf? My place? His place? Any place? A hotel?"
"How about THE RANDY THEATRE?"
"Oh, goody."
And I was alone.

The usher at the door took my ticket, ripped it into shreds, deposited some of it into a container reserved for such things and tossed the balance about like confetti. Then, smiling a green grin best described as oily, he began to salubricate.

"Welcome to the Randy Theatre. I assume that you've come to see our thrilling five-unit show what starts in five minutes with THOROUGHLY MODERN MOPPET followed by THREE CHARMING CARTOONS and our other thrilling feature, SINGING IN THE SHOWER AND OTHER THINGS. Oh, you'll be *so* entranced! There are excellent seats in our luxurious balcony (and I'll tell all the cuties you're up there!), as well as delightful, freshly popped corn and a rare selection of candies at our cunning little candy counter. Oh, and if you plan on spending the day, try one or possibly several of our delectable sandwiches with a smart, refreshing soft drink. Now, are there any questions you may care to ask? I'm not only All Smiles, but I know most of the answers, too."

Brushing past his monologue, I swept regally up the threadbarely carpeted stairs ("Bitch!" the ticket usher hissed after me) and immediately encountered a picket line.

"Are you actually going in there?" one of them asked. He was a garishly dressed person wearing too much eye make-up and a mini muumuu, or tutu, obviously made from a ragged potatoe sack.

"Whyever not?" I wondered. "What are you protesting? This time?"

"You POOR child; you really have no idea, do you? Well, as you can see, SHIT (the SOCIETY for HOMOSEXUALS IN THEATRES) is protesting this return showing of THOROUGHLY MODERN MOPPET because it shows homosexuality in a bad light."

"Gracious!" I exclaimed in twenty-seven shocked tones.

"Yes. Mercy, girl, have you never seen such carryings-on anywhere? Like when the thoroughly modern moppet gets stranded on the top of the Empire State Building in Chicago and has to scream for help and the cops come to rescue the poor thing in a big, butch helicopter and when they discover that the thoroughly modern moppet is, in reality, a DRAG Queen, they leave him there. Now that's not only gross misrepresentation, but pure uninhibited prejudice bordering on malice aforethought.

"Incredibly so," I said. "The Empire State Building is in Sioux City, Iowa."

"Wherever. And when our heroine gets caught doing her thing on a pew in St. Patrick's Cathedral, why the Pope leaves Rome with an entourage of mod nuns and defrocked bishops to chastize her. And she why the Pope leaves Rome with an entourage of mod nuns and defrocked bishops to chastise her. And she

"Of course. But I plan on seeing the picture without your verbal scenario, so if you'll—"

"But we, ALL of us, are being shown in a bad light!"

"And wouldn't it be easier to picket the projectionist? Maybe he'll put a new bulb in the camera for the next reel."

"Bitch!" he hissed as I swept past him and up the ramp.

Indeed, as I found my seat, scraped a mound of chewing gum off my chaste Levis and got comfortable, the thoroughly modern moppet was going from bed to hearse via a suicide attempt that unfortunately worked, which signalled the end of the movie. The three cartoons came on next and I felt someone's hand on my knee.

"Flake off!" I snarled in a basso profundo I didn't know was in me.

"Oh, mercy, a BIG one!" the knee-handler cried. "And rough, too! Take me, you big thing, and toss me over the balcony rail and break all my bones. Oh, NO, I was only kidding!"

He made a satisfactory thump as he hit someone on the main floor.

"Do you come here often?" a voice whispered behind me.

"I've never come here," I said. "Nor do I intend to."

"Poor baby," that person wept. "You don't know what you're missing."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you haven't LIVED until you've come at the Randy. In front of GAWD and everyone, including everybody on the Silver Screen. Why don't you let us give it a try?"

He was about to give me a demonstration when the powerful beam of a flashlight cut through the dark, causing a different kind of silence to prevail (the sound of slurping hereabouts had been somewhat distracting) as people all about sat up rearranging parts of their clothes and anatomy. The beam of light hit me in the face, wreaking untold damage to my Max Factor Suntan No. 5

"THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE ONE THAT THREW ME OVER THE BALCONY!"

My first aggressor was back, shrieking that I'd tried to kill him, or whatever it was.

"You don't do things like that at the Randy Theatre," the usher admonished, striking me across the wrist with a limp Hershey bar.

"He asked me to," I quailed right along with one of the Looney Tune creatures.

"I'm sure he didn't mean for you to literally heave him over the railing," the usher said, somewhat startled by my supposed innocence.

"I'd like to apologize."

"It's not necessary," the shrieker babbled, preening in his mock rabbit turtleneck sweater. "I landed—kerplunk!—right on a big butch sailor and buttons flew everywhere and I really had no choice but to dig right in. I've always had a thing about seafood on Fridays" he concluded with a satisfied little smirk.

"Well, as long as everything is alright," I murmured. "I really would like to see SINGING IN THE SHOWER AND OTHER THINGS. Gene Belly is one of my favorites."

"Mine too," the mess marvelled, taking the seat adjacent to mine. "Why don't we watch it together."

"Yes," the usher righteoused, "And behave yourselves. Really! The way you children carry on! Why there's more show right here than there ever was on the screen!" And with that he huffed off.

Gene Belly was cavorting across the screen in a tiled setting reminiscent of a Roman bath: he wore a gilded towel and a green beret and must have had taps sewn to the soles of his feet. Water gushed from everywhere and Gene was singing and dancing and someone toyed with my zipper.

"This," the creature beside me whispered loudly, "is a public phenomena called *groping*. Do you like it?"

"Public phenomena never turn me on," I snarled, removing his hand a bit too forcefully so that, whooping mightily, he flew once again over the balcony rail and landed somewhere on the main floor.

"Not again!" something that sounded like a sailor shouted.

"Yeth. . ."

"You didn't like the movie," the salubrious ushed oozed as I glided past him and out the door. He really looked worried.

"Oh," I assured him, "movies are really better than ever." He smiled. "I think I'll go find one," I added, and left.

As a matter of fact, SINGING IN THE SHOWER AND OTHER THINGS will be at the Towel Theater next week. I'll try to miss it.

GAY

...film festival

WITH SOME GUYS BILL WAS FAST — WITH OTHERS HE WAS A...

Long Time Coming

"Mix"

A COLOR SOUND FEATURE
• WITH THE REALLY BUILT ONES!!!!!! •

NOTHING IS LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION EXCEPT THE EXOTIC FLAVOR OF AN UNFORGETTABLE MALE EXPERIENCE! HEDONISTIC SATYRS WHO GO FOR BROKE AROUND THE CLOCK!

AND, FROM THE "BABY JANE" PRODUCERS, G.G.R.C. :"POT LUCK!"

PLUS

FROM... "ALL THE ROMAN MUSC

A GIANT MALE ADVENTURE AWAITS

FEB. 11-17 .... MIGHTY IN SI

"ALL THE ROMAN MUSCLES"

SOUND DIALOGUE UNCENSORED

FILMED AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF ANCIENT ROME ARE SIZABLE MUSCLES SHOWN IN "ACTS" THAT WOULD HOLD ANY ARENA IN AMAZEMENT. FEATURING NEW MALE MODELS WITH ALL THE EQUIPMENT TO GIVE YOU THE BIGGEST, BAREST, BAWDIEST ROMP YOU WILL EVER SEE!

90 MIN. OF HARD ENTERTAINMENT YOU WON'T FORGET!

PLUS:

"A DANISH SMORGASBORD" WITH HANS

AND — "MARKED BUNS" TO BLOW YOUR MIND

"RIP IT OPEN" AL GIVES IT TO HIS LOVER GOOD AND LONG AND LOVES IT!

JON PAK... OWN INTIM... PRODUCTION...

ONE OF OUR BEST

NEW YORK'S FINEST ADULT THEATRE

the Park-Miller

(FORMERLY THE HENRY MILLER THEATRE)

43RD BETWEEN 6TH AND B'DWAY • BR 9-3970 ANYTIME • OPEN DAILY 9:45 A.M.

MIDNIGHT SHOWS EVERY FRI. AND SAT. ADM. $5.00

FEB.
1-10:

"THE TOM CAT HOUSE"
OR—
"SWAP, SWAP, BANG, BANG"
in Color!

YOU...
ZE!
O'S
ATE
COLOR

Thundering studs in the first nude male western

FEB. 18-24:

JANUS II PRESENTS

"HOT LOAD AT BAD ROCK"

WITH VOLDEMAR • IN COLOR

DIRECT FROM L.A. WORLD PREMIER

REALLY SPECIAL

THE FIRST MAJOR FEATURE FILM TO PRESENT THE SAVAGE MEN OF THE WEST AND THEIR TRUE CONQUEST OF OTHER MEN!

A gunfighter—challenged by the love of a boy in a duel of flesh never before seen on the screen!

AND, A 3 WAY THRUST in a "MALE TIME TUNNEL"

COLOR plus "SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL QUEEN"
ALSO
"BOY IN THE DUNES" (watch out for the sand)
— color —

ADULTS ONLY • ADM. $5.

NEW YORK'S FINEST ADULT THEATRE

Park-Miller

FORMERLY HENRY MILLER THEATRE

43RD BETWEEN 6TH & B'WAY BR9-3970

OPEN 9:45 A.M. MIDNITE SHOWS FRI. AND SAT.

NEW YORK'S FINEST ADULT THEATRE

The Park-Miller

(FORMERLY THE HENRY MILLER THEATRE)

43RD BETWEEN 6TH AND B'WAY • BR9-3970 ANYTIME • OPEN DAILY 9:45 A.M.

MIDNIGHT SHOWS EVERY FRI. AND SAT. ADM. $5.00

THE PENTAGON PROCURERS

BY DICK LEITSCH

The time has come to make war on the army. It's "up against the wall, General Hershey" time, and when you read this, the Mattachine Society of New York will have filed papers in the Federal courts in an effort to compel the Selective Service System to cease their latest abuse of the rights of homosexuals.

Actually, the "up against the wall" statement in the above paragraph is a bit strong, and I'd better amend it before I get jumped on at the next MSNY Board meeting. MSNY is too sporting to get a guy up against the wall and then attack him. That's like shooting fish in a barrel, or mugging crippled old ladies. However, we do feel that homosexuals have a legitimate gripe against the Selective Service System, and so, we're merely inviting them to come to court to talk it out, all with the hope of making a more fair arrangement.

Federal law requires us to give the Selective Service System the most private and personal information, and there are enormous penalties, in the form of prison terms and fines, for lying or concealing anything that might affect our draft classification.

There's a box on one of the interminable forms they require the registrant to fill out that asks him to answer yes or not to the question, "Do you have homosexual tendencies?" If the Kinsey Group's statistics were anything like accurate, more than 1/3 of all American men would have to answer "yes" and accept a IV-F, or I-Y classification.

You will notice that the question is: "Do you have homosexual *tendencies?*" not "Are you an overt homosexual?" or "Have you ever engaged in a homosexual act?" That means, if all American men were honest, or aware of themselves, that many more than 37% of them would be unsuitable for service.

Assuming, for the moment, that this discrimination is justifiable (it isn't, but let's not tell the draft board that until after I pass the age of draft eligibility), the Selective Service System is now in possession of an affidavit from you, in which you admit things you'd rather not have known, which could incriminate you, and which could lead to discrimination against you.

They promise to keep this information confidential, which is only logical. After all, who's going to tell them the truth if they go around blabbing what they know? I have a letter from Colonel Paul Akst, head of the New York Selective Service System, in which he guarantees the confidentiality of the draft board records. To be very fair, in my five years at Mattachine, I've never run into even one case in which any draft board ever gratuitously gave out information on anyone.

In recent years, however, several large companies have decided that they don't want to hire homosexuals. Among these are Pan Am airlines (who, nevertheless, don't refuse to take our money when we fly to Europe), Proctor & Gamble, the New York Telephone Company, and others. Homosexuals are barred from nearly all areas of Federal employment, from the highest security jobs to the most menial jobs as file clerks, janitors and truck drivers.

To find out whether a prospective employee is a homosexual or not is achieved through a simple process of having him sign a waiver which allows the Personnel Department of the company of the Federal Civil Service Commission access to draft records.

Sometimes the waiver is just slipped into a pile of papers for the new employee (or a person under investigation) to sign. In any case, signing the waiver is a prerequisite to employment. Some companies, it should be noted, wait until the man is already working as a "probationary employee" and then make him sign the waiver. It's "sign or get out", or "sign or don't get the job."

There's nothing in the Selective Service Law that says waivers can be honored by the Selective Service System. By asking for information that can be incriminating and then giving that information to unauthorized persons, the draft boards are violating the Fifth Amendment rights of the men involved.

And this is exactly what we're going to court about. We can't sue every business and every agency that uses waivers to subvert the privacy of draft records, so we're suing the draft boards to keep them from honoring the waivers. MSNY will be joined in the suit by some of the other responsible East Coast homophile organizations as part of a strong legal drive for homosexual rights in the 1970's.

A number of these cases will involve the military. By its very nature, the military set-up is purposely homosocial at least, and thus, naturally homosexual. As prison officials have learned, you can take the most heterosexual man alive, put him in an all-male environment, and he'll start turning on to other guys. If you put gay men in with the heterosexuals, they act as catalysts and speed up the inevitable.

The Pentagon is already in trouble with thousands of middle-class, uptight mothers whose sons are turning on to grass in Vietnam. Imagine the political repercussions if their sons started bringing home male war brides! To avoid being accused of running the biggest call-boy house in the world (and the most expensive one), the military tries to keep overt and latent homosexuals out of their ranks since the heterosexuals can develop enough ideas on their own. Overt homosexuality in the service is punished severely. The usual punishment is three to six months of harassment, followed by a dishonorable discharge

Such a discharge is equivalent, in most cases, to a life sentence. The owner of this kind of discharge can forget any idea he ever had of a career, a good job, or a responsible place in his community. He's doomed to a life of underpaid menial labor.

Back in the days when our wars had more purpose, like World War II, homosexuals ignored the discrimination, put on their "masks" and fought (and often died) bravely.

Even in these days, patriotic "My Country, Right or Wrong" homosexuals perjure themselves on the questionnaires in order to fight in Vietnam for what they believe is a good cause. Others say they have no homosexual tendencies simply because they really don't have them, or because they don't know that they do as they've never been tested. Military life, with its close contact with other virile, and often attractive young men, and its lack of women (except for the usually lesbian or militant female chauvinist WACS, WAVES, etc.) awakens those latent tendencies.

The military establishment considers homosexuality a serious disability. Logically, therefore, if latent homosexuality is awakened by military life, the government should pay a disability pension, just as they would if the man suffered any other disability as a result of military service.

If any of you readers were victims of this system, and can honestly state that military life awakened previously latent homosexual urges that caused you to be dishonorably discharged, call me at 799-0916. Mattachine would like to have your story and, if possible, your assistance in making a test case in this area.

As a matter of fact, if you have any legal problem at all, call that number. We maintain a Legal Referral Service for two reasons: first, to help you with your legal problems, and secondly, to find good test-cases to use in the courts to protect the rights of all homosexuals. If you don't have any problems, send a contribution to the Legal Fund to help pay for the tests. We're determined to make the 1970's the decade in which our rights as citizens are recognized and we need your support and help.

WORLD'S LARGEST CALL-BOY SERVICE

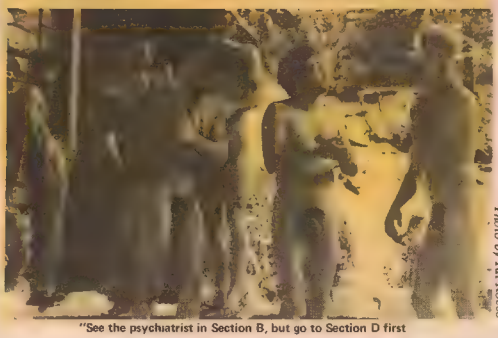


Photo by Pat Rocco

"See the psychiatrist in Section B, but go to Section D first to put your specimen in a numbered tin cup."

The matter under litigation is this: When a male American reaches the age of eighteen, he must register for the draft. This little ceremony bears a close resemblance to the male initiation ceremonies of primitive tribes. Many of the aborigines of Australia and New Zealand celebrate a boy's becoming a man by circumcising him at that time. Others practice subincision, an operation in which the cock is opened from the tip to the base. (This is a form of birth control. With a large opening down the side like that, only some of the sperm goes out the tip of the cock, and the rest goes out the side, thus, reducing the chances of impregnation and keeping the population to manageable size.) The Catholics maintain traces of such rites in their confirmations and the Jews in their bar mitzvahs. ("Today you are a man, my son...")

In America, the initiate must go to the usually shabby, dilapidated government office known as the draft board. (The whole problem with modern America is that it lacks class. Another folk festival, the marriage ceremony, is often performed in dismal anterooms in county court houses and shabby City Halls.) There he must parade before a group of social scientists—psychologists, medical doctors, and the whole array of modern witch doctors. They examine him, check him, and make reports. Their findings are passed on to our modern equivalent of tribal elders—the ancient men who form the draft board. They make the decision as to whether the initiate (here called inductee) is a man (i.e., "acceptable") or not. If he's suitable, he's eligible to go off and make war on the tribal enemies, or those with whom the tribe is warring—these days, the North Vietnamese. If they reject him, he stays with the women and children.

Nobody really minds this system. After all, it's been sanctioned by centuries of tradition.

Apparently, the issue here is the use of draft board records. We are asked to tell the draft board things we wouldn't tell our best friends, our parents, and certainly not a prospective employer.

PSYCHIATRISTS: 20th Century Witch-doctors

Dr. George Weinberg, Ph.D., is an outstanding therapist and author of a new and excellent book, **The Action Approach**–*published by World. This article is the last in a series of three by Dr. Weinberg which were written exclusively for* **GAY**.

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

It was the custom in the Middle ages, when taking offense at someone's behavior, either to punish the person outright, or to try to darken his remaining years by reminding him that he was soon headed for the burning lakes. The burning lakes no longer frighten us. But fear still prompts the majority of us to try delimiting the actions of others–and our new way is to call them "mentally ill." Nowadays when their behavior displeases us, we insist that they change for their own sakes. And when they refuse to heed us–which hopefully, homosexuals will do to the last dying man–we use as ammunition against them the facts of their personal lives. Their every confessed incapacity–to love, to produce or simply to hold a job, and, paradoxically, even their paranoia which we have in the main produced–we ascribe to harmless sexual choices that they make. Thus, we not only confuse and agonize them, we intensify our fears of novelty in life, and make our own existences pitifully redundant and dry.

When the homosexual comes for help, in every case he is well aware that his sexual choice is unpopular. The last thing on earth he needs from a therapist is a psychoanalytic attack upon his behavior, an attack which is no more than an arcane restatement that what he is doing offends some people.

Precisely the opposite attack is needed with the homosexual who wants to change: It is the therapist's moral and professional obligation to find out why. Freudians go so far as to instruct people not to make any major changes while treatment is in progress, and question even the smallest contemplated alterations such as switching jobs or moving to a new apartment. The elimination of homosexual desire, a feat which therapists have never to my knowledge accomplished, stands out as a glaring exception. So little do they question the desirability of this change that they seldom examine even the motive for it.

By blaming their patients' everyday difficulties on what they do in bed, analysts not only demoralize them, but turn them away from discoverable solutions. Instead of increasing his understanding of how he offends people or prevents himself from working, the patient falls to an examination of how he became homosexual, and how his sexual attitudes supposedly manifest themselves in all his daily behavior. Not only does he fail to develop possible solutions, he ends up more convinced than ever that he is beyond repair. Analysts are at their worst when homosexual lovers, in a foundering affair, solicit their aid to help recover each other. One of their approaches is to work at breaking up the relationship and making both members heterosexual; another is allowing the relationship to fail (doing much less than they would were the lovers heterosexual), and then rationalizing philosophically, that it had been doomed from the outset because of its homosexual nature.

Homosexuals, and members of unprivileged groups generally, tend to be especially vulnerable to mentors and experts ready with advice, and should be on their guard. It is easy to confuse one's special condition with the deep sense of aloneness felt by every living human who reflects on his life, and about which nothing can be done. Homosexuals must not err in paying sizeable fractions of their incomes to experts in the hope of getting rid of this aloneness.

Let me tell you what I mean.

It has always seemed to me that were I born a king, it would be awfully hard to convince me that others had pains and problems like me in my high, lonely station. Similarly, were I singled out as unfit, for whatever reason, by an indignant majority, were I told their doors were forever closed to me, it would be difficult not to connect that sense of utter aloneness which each of us feels, with my being unwanted *because* I was different from others.

As a writer and a practicing therapist, with all the supposed advantages, let me assure you that a muffled sense of aloneness in me is never so quiet that if I listen I cannot hear its pulse. It is a sense that some promise of life was broken. I don't know when–that somewhere exists a larger group, a mainstream, a homogeneous mass of people rejoicing and loving behind closed doors, which I cannot and will never enter. It is on this sense that I wish to focus, the terrible appreciation that I am unique and apart, forever unable to touch other people as I should like, to show them that I am one of them, to embrace them with the ultimate and consummate rejoicing, which Blake has described as taking place only in heaven.

Were I a homosexual, I am convinced it would be hard for me not to ascribe this aloneness at least in part to the banishment of which I was reminded daily. The dream that being socially accepted could somehow enable me to bring people in, could steep me in the living existence from which I am now excluded, might motivate me to do almost anything in order to belong. In short, as a homosexual, I might confuse existential aloneness (a universal experience) with the quarantine of my day.

And as a therapist, suffering from much of the same aloneness, I have watched homosexuals, and others patients too, denigrating themselves and hiding their tastes even from friends of their own choosing–all in the misguided hope of someday gaining admission into an envisioned Palace of Crystal. It is my job to convince them that *what seems like a forfeit owed for the life they chose is instead a price paid by each of us simply because we live and are conscious.* Once he realizes that his pain of separateness is universally shared, the homosexual becomes less likely to flagellate himself, less likely to imbue the culture with power to crush him. He becomes less ready to engage in self-impinging attempts to belong–and these attempts include trying to change because others, no better informed than he, have closed their doors to him.

BRITISH THEATRE

The cast of AND PUPPY DOG TAILS — *A Jack Mitchell Photo*

ISN'T SO QUEER!

BY DONN TEAL

This article concludes an in-depth survey of gay theatre and films by Donn Teal, whose reviews of homosexual drama have appeared in The New York Times.

That American writers had decided to try, unabashedly, for the happy ending to a homosexual play (*Geese*'s endings were only halfheartedly optimistic, *War Games* concluded in valiant tears) was evidenced at the outset of the 1969 fall season, when David Gaard's *And Puppy Dog Tails* opened Off-Broadway after protracted previews at the Bouwerie Lane Theater. Unscintillating dialogue and a too-elementary plot plagued this story of a male-homosexual couple whose bliss is temporarily disturbed by the arrival of a straight old buddie departing the Navy and looking for a place to lay his head. Sailor Bud does not consider homosexual the mutual masturbation (if that's what happens as the first curtain falls) he now resumes with his old friend, but is outraged to discover that friend's roommate—returned from a trip South—shares more than expenses, or penises. At Bud's exit the couple relax in normal homosexual lovemaking; Walter Kerr's description (*New York Times*, October 26) of the final curtain was snide and simplistic: "... the hero is pretty happy to have his regular roomie back from vacation. You can tell that by the way he pulls off his roomie's shorts." Homosexuals wonder how Mr. Kerr might have treated the interracial boudoir scene of *The Great White Hope* if the *Times* were not courting the American black.

Critics dismissed *And Puppy Dog Tails* dramatically, *Times* reviewer Clive Barnes generously underlining its novelties. "This is a play that deals with *happy* homosexuals" and "the first play in my experience to show demonstrations of homosexual affection." Unfortunately, the frequent and prolonged kissing shocked Mr. Barnes (as did the defecation scene in "Sal Mineo's *Fortune and Men's Eyes*") and one wonders whether American success has spoiled the British-born reviewer. One wonders further that he or any critic (or any audience, for that matter) could find adultery or murder tolerable onstage, human affection *or* defecation disgusting there....

A weakness in *Tails*, at least to this observer, was the appearance of the inevitable faggot—in this case fluttering down from the apartment upstairs. Currently, nearly all homosexual drama on the American stage and screen depends on this "gay" clown. In summer's *The Gay Deceivers*, Michael Greer played landlord to a swishing homosexual village. Crowley's *The Boys*, that sad satire still billed as "screamingly funny" (Barnes), has Emory, its limp-wristed cuisinier(ère?). Even *Coco*, which opened December 18 at the Mark Hellinger Theater, has its "wretched little UFO." But the faggot is ceasing to be funny to American homosexuals—if he ever was, deep-down. The homosexuality of Britain's *Victim* and *If*.... and *Spitting Image* and *Staircase* and Italy's *Teorema* and France's *Les Amitiés particulières* needed no such gimmick. His inclusion in *Tails* was the one capitulation made by a play which, though flawed, stands as the first important American tableau of homosexual marriage. *How* important could be seen by homosexuals' continued patronage, despite critics' catcalls and their own better judgment, of this play which far outlived its natural life.

Like *Tails*, Robert Patrick's *The Haunted Host*, which opened October 27 for a brief run at Off-Broadway's Castle Theater, encapsulated anew the gay-straight confrontation, this time with better results: ex-Navy Bud, in the earlier play, stalked out angrily; Joseph

Pichette , as the straight visitor in *Host*, understood, and stayed.... The show had dazzling dialogues (and monologues). But its title, its lack of the now-almost-mandatory nude scene, the ghost of a former lover (which troubles for a static two acts the not-so-young homosexual writer who has ageed to put up a "het" for the night), its two-character cast, and some uncertainty as to what the play was all about deprived *Host* of guests.

Canadian John Herbert's *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, which attracted mainly homosexual audiences when it opened Off-Broadway two and a half years ago, returned, directed by Hollywood's Sal Mineo, on October 22, and is currently diverting the mixed homo-hetero crowds of *The Boys in the Band* to Stage 73. Again, in part because homosexuals are portrayed unbecomingly. What Rosalyn Regelson wrote, in the *New York Times* on May 18 about *The Boys*, is true also of *Fortune*: it "is a hit because it is, in fact, a strong affirmation of heterosexuality." Set in a four-man prison cell, *Fortune* features two homosexuals -one a drag queen who enjoys being of service to guards and prison mates alike, the other a frightened, serious black youth who reads Shakespeare—plus a frustrated heterosexual (bisexual? latent homosexual?) and an uninitiated newcomer. It is a story of the gradual succumbing, albeit unwillingly, of this last to what-he-considers-degrading homosexual acts. To say that Mineo has remounted the play is an understatement: the newly visible shower-room rape scene is one of its drawing cards. *Fortune* is, as before, a highly effective, skillfully written tragi-comedy (like *The Boys*, it begins with laughs, ends in tears). It does little—admittedly, a prison milieu *could* do little—to improve the image of the homosexual American.

* * *

American audiences of sixteen years ago probably believed that seeing Robert Anderson's *Tea and Sympathy* would be their unique venture into a, to them, "unnatural" world. And naturally that play, more a non-view than view of homosexuality, was a victory for the home team: though they might exist abroad, America had no "homosexuals"—in fact, what was that word again? Moreover, in those pre-civil rights days, Americans were used to believing that the majority was inherently right—for everybody. Today, a multitude of homosexual dramas—pioneered by those from England and Continental Europe—have stolen the entertainment spotlight. Homosexuals realize that producers, directors, backers, and actors are not being purely altruistic in bringing us to light: there are dollars to be earned by an exploration of our passionate, self-contained demi-monde. There is, especially, excitement in our "irregulars"—hustlers, neurotics, transvestites, orgiasts—which makes for good drama and excellent box-office: to wit, *Midnight Cowboy*, *The Boys in the Band* and *The Sergeant* (1968 film about a near-psychotic career man), *Fortune and Men's Eyes* and *The Queen* (1968 film in which male homosexuals prepare for a drag show), *The Detective* (1968 film about the murder of a homosexual and showing an in-truck orgy on the New York docks). Our only regret is that no successful native-American play or film has shown us at peace with ourselves: rather, dramatic safaris into our realm—intent upon booty—show it as a sexual jungle whose gibbering, cannibalistic natives do little but paint themselves and exhibit their genitals.

A scene from THE DAMNED

But despite their need to make homosexual theater pay, native writers have, bit by bit over the past twelve months (beginning with *Geese*), dared more and more pro-homosexual statement. The American writer has latterly hoped to promote law reform: in 1969's homosexual plays, therefore, frequent lines such as "I feel illegal, I feel like a broken law" (*Geese*) and "Ninety per cent of my life is a federal offense!" (*Tails*). That the writer (and entertainment industry) hopes also to force *social* reform was made more than obvious by such a film as 1967's *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, with its black/white rapprochement. In homosexual theater, social acceptance is being urged by similar and frequent homo-hetero encounters—which grow bolder in each play or filmscript. In 1968's *The Boys*, a married straight attends a gay birthday celebration, and attacks an insulting fag—but stays for the "fun." In *Geese*, an uptight father meets his daughter's inamorata. In *The Gay Deceivers*, two straights invade the gay world for safety's sake. In *War Games*, Dad and Mom confront son and lover. *Tails*, *Host*, all have had them! Even John Boylan's Off-Off-Broadway success *The Faggot*, recently in revival (nudity added) at Down-Stage Studio Theater, had one—and it was brutal: an aging café singer's son returns from Europe to rediscover his father, notes Dad's homosexual foibles, and throttles him. By contrast, British homosexual plays (at least the ones we've seen) -*The Killing of Sister George*, *Staircase*, *Spitting Image* -have had no such challenging confrontations; one might say, have seen no need for the homosexual to Meet the People. My Irish professor of last summer would explain this as Understanding. My American professor-friend, as Shame?

Staircase, like *Spitting Image*, is about two male lovers who—call it *mariage de raison* or *mariage d'amour*—have stayed together. An essentially plotless story set in a barber shop, it is a nagging dialogue calling to mind Edward Albee's *Virginia Woolf*, whose only interruptions are a summons to Charles from the police (no encounter, however: we hear only the voice of the Law) and Harry's recent, sudden loss of his hair. Dyer's two-character play needed little expression of anti-homosexuality to become a minor hit at the Aldwych Theater, London, two years ago. His primary stabs then were Charle's references to a short-lived marriage and pride in an unseen daughter, and Harry's remorse over never having wed. To become an American screen hit was a question of adaptation: in late 1968, England's *Sister George* became an American film (a hit of sorts)—and George became less an undisciplined old dyke than a lovable aging tomboy; in 1969 Charles and Harry underwent reverse metamorphoses and became, on the contrary, a rather unlikeable and unlikely pair . Their invective intensified, rather than softened (as had George's) possibly by interpretations of Harrison and Burton rather than by instructions of American director Donen. At any rate, during the spring 1968 performances at Broadway's Biltmore Theater, Eli Wallach and Milo O'Shea never seemed so vicious.

Newspaper ad copy for *Staircase* used two stills from the film: one, with Harrison and Burton doing an English version of the Madison(?), emphasized precisely what the film was not about; the second, of the two in bed together (Would that the film had dared more at this point!), questioned amusedly: "Can this marriage last?" (Warner Brothers uses the same sales technique for the current *The Damned* a shot in "Blue Angel" drag of Helmut Berger, who plays a decidedly un-homosexual role in Luchino Visconti's early-Hitlerian epic.) Film additions to *Staircase* were: Harry's mother (Cathleen Nesbitt), who whimpered "Aren't you ever goin' to get married, Harry?" (though her inclusion to make the play film-size was a valid one, and her acting—and effects on Burton—contributed believable pathos); a straight-seeming hustler brought home by Charles (to paint homosexual marriage as immoral? again, the confrontation?): sundry scenes of heterosexual happiness which brought soulful yearnings to the quinquagenarians' faces; etc. An opening duet in drag by Rogers and Starr could have been cut without spoiling the film—it bore no relation, and set the tone for something which did not follow: *Staircase* was not *The Queen* and Charles, who must appear in court, no transvestite. What's more, did audiences of 1969 have to be forewarned they had come to a film about homosexuals?

Strangely and perhaps unintentionally, Donen's filming of *Staircase* made a classic of a sometimes-dull play. His and Dyer's multitudinous expansions took the barbers into the London scene beyond their shop and made the movie more universally appealing and interesting. Even the very drabness of their apartment (and their lives)—the picture exuded Gray conveyed a Daumier beauty that must have escaped New York critics and youth-oriented moviegoers. Most important, on screen as onstage the love of the two old sweethearts rose above their differences and we could see how very much they needed each other. In sum, its remodeling to American tastes did not demolish Britain's *Staircase*: its strengths withstood the renovations. It was a cause for rejoicing to the intelligent homosexual. And, therefore, heterosexually a box-office flop?

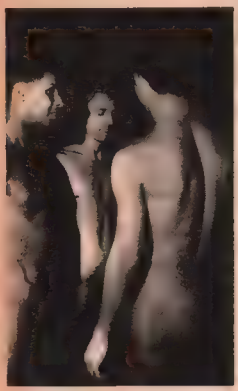
* * *

Director Visconti, in typical European style, treats the pseudo-Greek homosexual climate of Germany's inter-war S.A. with commentless tact (or, as Vincent Canby, *Times*, insisted December 21: "with almost loving detail") in the end-of-year film *The Damned*. In 1970 we anticipate with pleasure Federico Fellini's view of the homosexuality of Petronius' *Satyricon*. But we are prepared for the usual misinterpretations if and when American-directed *Giovanni's Room* (James Baldwin, 1956) hits the screen—not to mention the sad Crowley comedy. Theaterwise in 1970, homosexuals have nowhere to go but up: Off- and Off-Off-Broadway New York made small but steady steps toward honest American homosexual drama this past year—we await a classic, now that the groundwork is laid. But until Hollywood can create something unperverted homosexual or something more conducive, at least, to empathy than "sympathy," England's *Staircase* must rank as the first male-homosexual True Story in the American cinema. In it could be seen that homosexuals are also *Homo sapiens* something the British have obviously learned since Oscar Wilde went to Reading Gaol.

Hours Is Timely

BY PETER OGREN

HOURS *by Lon Albert (Leo Skir), New York, Award Books.*



This book has everything for everybody. A lot of gay love, a bit of straight love, and a mixed salad of hate, guilt, joy, uptights, sadistic Mafiosi, masochistic widows, supercools, SDSers, radical blacks, Irish rednecks, masturbation, Jews—inhibited and otherwise, fucking and sucking (of course!), incest, voyeurism, Turkish baths, murder, Y.M.C.A. shower rooms, pornographers, revenge, blackmail (hetero, yet!), and a swarm of tangential people who go off in all directions at once and take this book right along. Diffuse as a rule, it is confusing as a result. What else, when in fewer than 180 pages we are saddled with more forgettable characters than in all of *War and Peace?* **Hours** flits back and forth from scene to scene like satyrs at a bacchanal, so that the constant dimension is Time, and Space is the variable, which makes for difficult reading. Like, you've got to work to enjoy this.

But for all this confusion and wandering, I really liked **Hours.** It is unlike any other homosexual book I've ever read. Although it abounds in fuck scenes, it's not at all scatological in that lovely lustful Marcus Van Heller way, with endless and repetitive scenes of all sorts of delicious debaucheries, in superfuck detail and stereophonic sound (slurp, slurp!). We are treated to thirty or forty different sexercises, most of which last little more than a few minutes—some only a few lines—which make this a competent job for a one-hander. But **Hours** is also concerned with unsexies like politics, activism. Involved Youth, leftist fanatics, the joy of being Jewish, gangsters, terrorism and so forth, so we are not in the run-of-the-mill fag-hot class.

The book seems to revolve around Ginger, a very sweet SDS Columbia type who's old enough to be fed up with the SDS party line and is incidentally having a bit of trouble 'coming out'; Don, a really together spade gay involved with the black power movement; Mika, a very beautiful and extraordinarily intelligent Israeli girl who has no sexual hangups whatever and—oddly enough for a book of this type—doesn't abuse this precious gift; and Hershel, a nice Jewish boy about 35, who may quite possibly win this year's Oscar Wilde Breast-Beating Award. His scene is anonymous gay sex with a Polaroid and guilt, guilt, guilt. I think that Leo Skir probably likes Mika best: she's the most realistic person around and is probably the only one drawn from real life—she's probably sitting in Jerusalem right now. But then there are so many others that it's hard to pick out the important secondary types. Fact is, the book boils over with grand opera, Bigger-Than-Life *types*, not characters at all, most of whom are pretty bloodless shells. Oddly enough though, they come across as real, mostly because they are surrounded by events and patterns and artifacts of our own lives. One of the things I like in the book is the author's ability to create a kind of verbal montage, piling spare images upon other unrelated images, which puts the reader into a new reality where all of this put together is not only relevant but integral to the movement of the story. He drops names all over the place, including his own and those of our very own Lige and Jack (thanks for the plug, Leo).

But the clincher is that the book is *for real.* We all know someone who fits perfectly the types brought out in this book—Gallagher, the squeeze-assed fagbaiter who hates everybody, especially "limp dick Jews"; Black Francis, a black fascist/sexual racist in 'worker' drag who hates Jews but digs that "kike pussy"; Chris, an older type who has lots of bread and Mafia connections and digs his digging boys, but just wishes that his bread didn't get so much in the way of a good personal relationship; even cold-eyed suspicious mothers. And it is a *positive* book—no shamed suicides here. Only one person goes *mea culpa*-ing, and if occasionally some of the others get to look like the lint in their own navels, they at least come out of the story in one piece, and glad of it.

I'd say that the biggest trouble with the book is that the characters and their involvements with each other go too far to be believed, so that by the end of the book we've been swimming in so many surprises that we know pretty much what's going to happen. But I ain't gonna tell. Go out and buy it and read it for pure pleasure, or at least to see how a good juggler keeps all those balls in the air (so to speak!).

This is about the sixth gay novel that Leo Skir has come out with, the second, I think, under the Lon Albert nameplate. I haven't read any of the others, but I wish that he had put some of this book into *Evergreen*, where he appears with some regularity. **Hours** might then have received the wider audience that it deserves, instead of languishing (I hope not) with the other crap on 42nd Street and Polk Street bookshelves. This is a kind of *Maybe Tomorrow* of The New Homosexual—the cat who knows he's gay and thinks himself *into* the scene, *toward* gay involvement, not out and away as we've seen in so many novels in the bad old days. I only hope as many people read **Hours** as have gobbled up the other shit.

BY DR. LEO LOUIS MARTELLO

Since the publication of my book **The Weird Ways of Witchcraft**, plus this column, I've been getting a great deal of "fan mail." The letters have contained everything from marriage proposals to propositions! Many want more information, want to meet me, invite me to dinner, seek correspondence, witchcraft courses, love potions, and what not. A few have asked me about covens. Some of the letters are obviously using an interest in witchcraft as a substitute for whoopee!

I cannot engage in extended correspondence as my time is limited. I refuse all social invitations except from friends. And when I go out I don't want to discuss anything. I don't want my brains picked; I just want to relax. I'm under contract to complete two new books, lecture professionally, do radio and TV shows, have to catch up on my handwriting analysis work, find time to counsel clients, etc. Those of you who ask questions of general interest will be answered in this column.

Witchcraft is a mental discipline Most who hope to learn the craft really seek power over others rather than over themselves. This is their first big mistake. Since their premise is wrong, so too will be the results. Witchcraft is not a substitute for will power. It's a means of attaining it. It is not something supernatural but rather a method of exploring and using the *super* possibilities which reside in the *natural.* And though it is "The Old Religion" it is based on rationality, the identification and understanding of those powers which are inherent in nature. It makes full use of the human mind: Its capacity to think, form concepts, project will, concentrate, internalize, visualize, telecommunicate. A genuine witch (as opposed to the conventional Christian image of a witch!) uses the craft constructively in the betterment of his (or her) own life. Those miserable mean mediocrities often called "witches" are Christian stereotypes. Even those who truly believe that they can use witchcraft to harm and hurt others are merely revealing their own hurt and self-hatred. Since the derivation of witch means wise and witty, those who do this or attempt to, are neither wise nor witty nor witches. Why waste such power on others when it can be used to achieve one's own goal?

SHARING THE MAIL

Dear Dr. Martello:

I am a 35-year-old bisexual (though predominantly gay) student and practitioner of the Black Arts. I subscribe to **GAY** and I love your column. In the Dec. 31st issue you mention that those interested in joining a coven or in setting one up should write to you.

Well I used to have my own small gay coven but it disbanded some years ago mainly due to the fact that I was too domineering. But now I have mellowed and would like to be just a member of a coven rather than its High Priest. I would prefer a coven of bisexual males and females but if none are to be found a gay coven would suit me.

I am a member of Anton La Vey's Church but no organized branch is as yet set up in New York City so I'm turning to you for help, and hope you will assist me.

Yours, R.S., N.Y.

Let me answer the above and all of you who have written similar letters: I have no plans to personally set up a coven at this time. I will accept letters from interested readers, place on file, and if and when I think the psychic timing is right, I'll contact you. When writing state age, reason for interest, if you've ever been in a coven before, personal preferences, etc. Unless you're absolutely sincere (I will know) don't bother writing. If you have a recent photograph of yourself, send it on. State what books you've read on the subject. Just remember that a coven is not a cover-up for conquests. (who needs a coven for that anyway?)

PSYCHIC TEST: I 'm thinking of a certain card. As you read this write down the **FIRST IMPRESSION** you get and send to me. A future column will tally how many of you are psychically correct. Postcards O.K. Keep a duplicate for yourself. Hear the call!!!!!!!!!!

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Is it true that one must sell his soul to Satan in order to achieve witchcraft power?

A. That was the general Christian belief. However in today's market one's "soul" is the cheapest commodity there is. It goes begging for buyers. The devil undoubtedly has a backroom marked "surplus." Of course, Satan has nothing to do with witchcraft. He *has* a great deal to do with Christianity. Even assuming Satan's existence he'd only be interested in those "souls" that are not for sale!

Q. What do you predict for **GAY?**

A. It will reach 100,000 circulation in a year's time. My first impression was a million copies sold. . . seems a bit much. . . yet. . . I'm willing to be proven wrong a year from the date of this column. Address all questions to Dr. Leo Louis Martello, c/o GAY, Four Swords Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

ODD BIRDS

We two odd birds
Who fly as mates
While circling round the block
Quite unaware
While high we soar
Of neighbors whom we shock;
We two who stroll
On city greens
And sit beneath a tree
While passing folk
Give us the eye,
What species do they see?
We two whose world
Revolves around
Just being who we are
While wing in wing
In close embrace
We travel to a star,
We two have found
A secret place
Beyond the hunter's bow
Where we have left
The arrows cruel
That shoot from far below.

Elijah Clarke

MORNING'S DARK BEGINNING

I sometimes think that early hours
Of morning's dark beginning
Are preludes to the century
Of years beyond when memory
Will not recall
The troubles small
Which bring you tears today.

And when your lips are pale with age
Your heart will still beat quickly
While in the hours before the sun
Has put grim darkness on the run
And you are cold
My arms will fold
Around your wrinkled form.

Then you will search my eyes once more
Still looking as you do today
For signs of morning's first bright rays
To warm you till the end of days
And in my face
Find noble grace
The years with you have wrought.

John Nichols

RELATIONSHIP

out in the open he said
it must be this way but how
we have unity and oneness
if love be just
then blinded eye is naught
i sighed and smiled
from within
yes, i said
but love is just
and so i wait
for there is nothing
to hide
time into morning
early sunlight mist
we rise to fondle
the day with open eyes
heart/minds swim the
lake walk back
to greet the world
now stretching into awakeness
softly we talk i blush
as he takes my hand
in his
out in the open he said
it must be this way it is
we have unity and oneness
and love is just
and blinded eye is naught

Jesse

QUESTION

The jesuits are fools indeed
To think men who lack the means
Can be forced to take the Credo ("I Believe")
And pictures by Murillo at a gulp. How odd!
Beauty best shows the handiwork of God.
Pagan? Your mirror doesn't lie. Amor's reprieve
Is his bright cheek. This means
"Seeing is believing." Are we agreed?

Josef Bush

"THE BELLS ARE RINGING..."

BY LILY HANSEN

"...That following weekend we were talking—you know, just sitting and watching TV. She turns around and looks at me and said, "Would you marry me?" And I said, "I think that would be rather great!" I guess—because I haven't been in gay life that long—I just automatically started thinking about a wedding, because it never occurred to me that there would be any reason for it not to be. We had a church wedding—gown and all that stuff. We sent out a hundred invitations."

About a year ago, Bobbie and Laura—then both 22 years old—met in a girls' bar in a city down South. One week later, they became engaged to be married, and wedding bells chimed within two months.

On a recent weekend trip I was introduced to them and they agreed to an interview. Laura—blonde, attractive, wearing a dress, was eager to talk about their marriage and proudly produced the marriage certificate. She did almost all the talking. Her "husband," in T-shirt and slacks, listened quietly. Very young, slim, shy, and handsome, Bobbie easily passed as a boy.

How did you decide that you could even do this—get a license, that is?

"Well, we talked it out, and it's very simple: a blood test can't show sex. The only problem we might have would be age identification on Bobbie, because she doesn't look like she's 23. She looks like a little boy. First of all, I called the License Bureau and found out their requirements. And when they said any third person could take in the results of the blood test, I said we had it made!"

"We went down and got our blood test. You just put down your age. They don't ask for I.D. Bobbie took the blood test. She just went in and picked up the result. I went right down and applied for the licence—put down male for Bobbie, the age and that stuff. The lady said, 'Will you please hold up your hand and swear to these facts,' and I said, 'Yes, they're true.' Then we picked up the license in five days."

For the wedding, Laura and Bobbie chose a Baptist church. Although they are both Catholic, they decided against the Roman church for fear it would dig too deep into their backgrounds...

"We arranged to have the rehearsal the Wednesday before the wedding, and the wedding was on Friday night. This one (pointing to her husband) goes out and gets a face mustache, puts it on, and it looked good—except it was one of these big things. I nearly died!

"Friday evening, Bobbie's at the church at 5 o'clock, getting nervous, just pacing the floor (the wedding's not till six, and I got there five minutes of six). In the meantime, someone called and told the minister she was a girl. Now she didn't have her mustache on this time (she hadn't been able to put it on because the landlady was in and out), and when she went in there, he asked where her mustache was and she said, 'I shaved it off cause my girl didn't like it.' Meanwhile someone called the reporters. had told them our names, the name of the church, and that the bridegroom was a girl in drag."

Of all the people who had said they would come, no one showed up at the church except the wedding party. Laura thought it was perhaps a good thing, because it would have made a strange sight to have girls in slacks at the church—and "a lot of butches don't own a skirt." They didn't come down to the church. Maybe they didn't know if we'd both go through with it. Or maybe they didn't know if there'd be trouble."

Your parents didn't come. Why not?

"I didn't give them enough notice to... I wasn't ready for them to be there, and I wasn't ready for my father to walk in and maybe right there stop the wedding."

Who *was* in the wedding party?

"There was the best man, Ronnie, a drag butch. There was Sandy, another drag butch. Ronnie gave me away. The maid of honor (Sandy's girl friend) was there, but the drag queens who were supposed to be bridemaids and the ushers didn't show. But we went ahead and got married. We could have cared less.

"But just as I was getting ready to walk down the aisle—here I am on Ronnie's arm, in full wedding dress—in come two reporters, cameras down to here."

Laura innocently believed that they were there to take wedding pictures. She didn't know about the phone call. Then, just as everyone else thought, "We've had it!" the minister threw the reporters out.

"I was the only one that didn't know about the phone call. Everybody else was in such a hurry to get out of the church, we left two bottles of pink champagne on the minister's desk. We just cleared out of there. They didn't take pictues at the church. We'd planned to do all this."

"Then we stopped by where Bobbie worked, because they wanted us to. Then we went to a girls' bar. Everyone was down there waiting. The place was packed. We walked in the door, and got a standing ovation. So many kids came up to us we didn't even know, but they'd heard about the wedding, and they'd come because they knew we were going there after the reception. It was really marvelous. It was a ball!

"And except for one bit of trouble (a short separation a few weeks ago), we've been together ever since. And I think that was very good for us, because we had some problems that we had to straighten out, and couldn't do it together."

How about your parents, Bobbie. Do they know anything?

"No, they're very old-fashioned." ■●

N.Y. MATTACHINE SOCIETY
presents
GAY SINGLES PARTIES
Every Friday & Saturday night 9pm - 2am
Come! Groove to a live band and
Go-Go Boys in an out of sight atmosphere
Dress Casual
The Riverside Plaza
253 W. 73rd St. (West End Ave.)
DONATION INCLUDES 2 FREE DRINKS
For info. call 201-843-8663
or 212-799-0916

IKE PRESENTS

I LIKE IT!!!

THE BAR

for the man

with special tastes

and desires

It's the latest and

most extravagant

place in town!!!

1076 Third Avenue

(Between 63rd

& 64th Streets)

PUT AN END TO POLICE ABUSES

Do you believe a man has the right to *privacy* in his rented room? Do you oppose police enticement and entrapment because of sexual preference? Do you deplore the misuse of police manpower to seek out and entrap citizens? Do you find it *shocking* that police sit in Turkish steam baths while *serious crimes* continue to plague Manhattan? Do you resent certain police who think they have the right to regulate private sexual activities?

***The Committee to End Enticement and Entrapment* is asking your support to end illegal police practices. Mayor Lindsay opposes such tactics, but certain police continue to abuse taxpayers and voters. Nearly 20 men have suffered arrests and unwarranted embarrassment during the last month because Deputy Inspector Bonacum of New York's 4th Division is crusading against one of the city's cleanest and best-run bath and health clubs. We, the undersigned, ask you, as a citizen, whether straight or gay, to add your name to ours in demanding an immediate end to the harassment of the Continental Bath and Health Club.**

Dick Leitsch, Executive Director, Mattachine Society, Inc., of New York.
George Weinberg, Ph. D., Psychotherapist
John V.P. Lassoe, Director of Christian Social Relations, Episcopal Diocese of Greater New York.
Robert Amsel, President Mattachine Society, Inc., of New York
Lige Clarke and Jack Nichols, Executive Editors, GAY.
Angelo d'Arcangelo, author
Al Goldstein, Executive Editor, SCREW
Jim Buckley, Publisher, SCREW

Cut out this letter and mail to:

The Committee to End Enticement and Entrapment
Suite 331, 2109 Broadway
New York, New York 10023

TO THE HON. MAYOR JOHN V. LINDSAY; SANFORD GARELICK; & POLICE COMMISSIONER HOWARD LEARY.

I, the undersigned as a taxpayer and voter demand an immediate end to the aforementioned practices by the 4th Div. of the NYC Police Dept.

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . .

. . . . . .

WANTON ADS

CLASSIFIED AD RATES: 10 cents per word for personal classified.
COMMERCIAL RATES: 20 cents per word, $5.00 minimum.
MAIL TO: Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011.

YOUNG, WHITE, HANDSOME MALE, age 24, 5'11", 240 lbs., seeks male. Must be young, white, handsome, and well-built. No S&M or hustlers. Letters with phone and pictures answered first. P.O. Box 497, 127 W. 83rd St., New York, N.Y. 10024.

GAY? MALE? COLLECT MOVIES? For just $1 (deductible) we'll send you full details of our extensive stocks. Fast reliable service. D&J Visual Services, 152 W. 42nd St., Suite 504, NYC, NY 10036.

DON'T FORGET! Lee's Mardi Gras '70 is SAT. FEB. 7th, at Hotel Riverside Plaza, 73rd and Broadway - featuring Go-Go boys, 2 dance bands (rock), floor show of female impersonators, door prize, trip to Puerto Rico. ONLY $3.50 Call 533-4132/4108.

GAY SOCIAL CLUB. For discreet Sophisticated Fun-Loving males! Cocktail and Theatre Parties. Weekend and Foreign tours. $5 yearly membership. Send for information INTERNATIONAL THEATRE & CINEMA, P.O. Box 2531, Grand Central Station, NYC, NY 10017.

UPTIGHT? Cool it man. Climax your day with a mind-blowing massage by Pietro, by appointment. 10 AM to 10 PM every day. Call 734-5094. Studio or residential.

SAINT MARKS SOUTH, the Caribbean's only sauna lounge exclusively for men. Massage, TV lounge, Rooms, Dormitory. English-Spanish spoken. Atop Rialto Theatre, Old San Juan, Puerto Rico.

FREE CATALOGUE! Hundreds of the latest male homosexual theme books, paperbacks, swinger magazines, movies, photo magazines, etc. TROJAN, Box 2121-NN, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. Backward action male seeks frontward action males. Joe, 415-863-2529

FRATERNAL ORDER OF PARISI; An exclusive, secret homosexual order where the GAY MALES do their thing. Exciting! Different! For more info; send 25 cents plus stamped, self-addressed envelope to: JOSEPH S. PHILLIPS, 1 Vanderbilt Ave., NYC, NY 10017.

AMPUTEE MALE MODELS needed. Young, athletic, single, double, above knee, triple losses acceptable. Write P.O. Box 24, Fairlawn, N.J. 07410.

RELAXING RUB-DOWNS by young student. Your place or mine. Call 593-2441. Available anytime.

GROOVY-LOOKING GUY, with beautiful buttocks will pose in erotic positions for professional football players. $30/session. Special rates for teams. Call 628-0508 after 2 PM.

HARD WORKING, sincere young man with background in cabinetry, carpentry, construction, furniture design, possible architecture and/or industrial design for job with potential part ownership in unique contracting firm dealing with architects and designers. Must want future with hard work now. Pleasant working conditions. Resume and photo required. T.D.D., 24 East Andrews Dr., N.W. Atlanta, Ga. 30305.

CAN YOU DEAL WITH HOMOSEXUALITY SUCCESSFULLY? Read "Homosexuality: The Way Out" for a better understanding of yourself. $2 postpaid. Gladiator Productions, P.O. Box 8321, Asheville, N.C. 28804.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED in Gay Liberation read the interviews with Leo Laurence and Gale Whittington in the new **Tangents**. Send $1 to: 3473½ Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

LONELY, GOOD-LOOKING, young guy wants to meet or correspond with same. Am masculine, 28 years old, 145 lbs. Won't you give me a try? Letters with photo answered first. Write E.F. Sanders, 323 North 25th St., Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70802.

A UNIQUE GAY BUSINESS in the Caribbean. Ideal for two men. Six months work returns 60% of investment of $20,000. All cash. Full price. Write M. Yates, P.O. Box 503, Woodstock, N.Y. 12498.

GAY FRENCH LAD,27, digs well-hung Negros. If you are visiting Atlanta, Ga. call 404-875-5104 after 6 PM. Georgia's Negros you also ask for Alexander. No phonies.

SEXUAL CLIMAX is a totally beautiful experience WITH or WITHOUT a PARTNER. We have developed a complete line of hand-crafted erotic pleasure devices, to satisfy your every erotic desire. If 21 send $2 for a beautifully illustrated catalog to: BACCHUS & CO., P.O. Box 487, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941.

GAY DANCES: N.Y. Mattachine Society presents Gay Singles Parties every Friday and Saturday night. 9 PM - 2 AM. Come! Groove to a live band and Go-Go boys in an out of sight atmosphere, dress casual. The Riverside Plaza, 253 West 73rd St. (West End Ave.) Donation includes 2 FREE drinks.
Call 201-843-8663 for information.

NUDE BOYS & MEN, all types, Sizes and shapes. Photo sets, Slides, Movies, Magazines. Get our 32-page Catalog plus Big Sample. Send $1 and state in writing you are over 21. MIKE DIAMOND PRODUCTIONS, 7471 Melrose Ave., Dept. Y, Hollywood, Calif. 90046.

FOR ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING concerning Transvestism, Transexualism and Female Impersonation, contact the world's leading authority on the subject. Get your name put on a confidential mailing list to receive news and information. Contact: PUDGY ROBERTS, P.O. Box 71, Prince St. Station, NYC, NY 10012.

IF YOU ARE MALE, under 25, have a good build and a freaky scene that you would like to try with another handsome 25-year-old male, write today. Water sports, enemas, spankings, etc. Photo and phone. Write to: Richard Williams, 152 W. 42nd St., Room 504, NYC, NY 10036.

(continued from p. 7)

who already suffer too much from lack of privacy; and, finally, that homosexuality is just too distasteful a subject to be objectively discussed in such a personal way." The book is a maze of half-truths and predigested cant. Examples:

"A more significant difference is that while many forms of cancer are not readily preventable, **most** *homosexuality–conceivably* **almost** *all–***probably** *is."*

"Before *you embark on steps to redirect your child, you must face the possibility–indeed the strong likelihood–that changes will have to be made not only within your son or daughter, but within yourself, your spouse or both of you."*

"We also believe that homosexuals should not be **ennobled** *as a persecuted minority group."*

"There is no doubt in the minds of qualified researchers that the pseudo-glamor of the gay community can itself act as a seductive magnet.

"Dr. Hooker is probably the leading student of the gay community, *and she knows better than perhaps anyone else that it is all too often a very sad world indeed. Yet* she is one of the few authoritative researchers who does not believe that to be homosexual necessarily means to be unhappy. *....what is unhappiness, anyway?"* (My emphasis on all the above.)

THE COMING OF JESUS

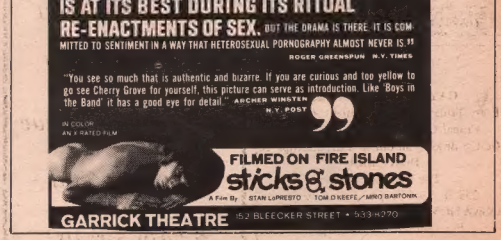
Pity the poor parent who throws a dollar twenty-five across the counter for this lexicon of misinformation. More confused than ever, more fearful and paranoid, he or she will have only the new Freud-descended priesthood to thank: the same old sacred book business, the same old bearded potbellies. They'll chatter and extract fees, live on tithes and taxes, but effect cures? Not on your gonads. The light of Moses failed. It failed in Jerusalem, in Rome, in Vienna, and in Washington, and all the wheedling Bettleheims and Beibers can't illuminate it. We have to view this use of scientific method as a perversion springing directly out of the loins of that old bugbear, Judeo-Christian cant. It's a system which doesn't work, but which requires a *huge* priesthood. It's incompatible with human life and practice in the broadest sense. Its failures have been recorded *ad infinitum* in that sack of woe the Bible, Old and New Testaments, and in the charmless anals (sic!) of psychiatric practice. The coming of Jesus did proliferate an already impossible creed, but its spread did not, despite traditional prohibitions, succeed in doing away with homosexualism. Or, more importantly, with anything *bad*. The spirit which exists today is the will to fashion out of obscure kabalistic doctrines a psychological weapon in order to intimidate, weaken, and control others. GROWING UP STRAIGHT is an attempt to put into the hands of parents such a weapon; a kind of detector for "thoughtcrime".

Honestly, when I read such inhuman garbage I want to write a book encouraging homosexuality. I want to set up day camps for homosexually-inclined kids! Study and adjustment centers where parents can brings their children to be with other kids with the same happy propensities.

What the hell, brothers and sisters, life is to enjoy! Even the kids. Leave them alone. They've a right to some pleasure and some privacy. It's his prick. Let him enjoy it. And if he wants to let his friends enjoy it too, why, let him. Or, in the words of the only anonymous saint and prophet of the Old and New Testaments, Ray Goodsense, "Do unto other, and if you don't dig it, don't try to stop it." You can't. Remember, Roger Dean, Dave Wilkerson, Peter and Barbara Wydeh, *Fuck You* is a blessing in disguise.

So friends, bend over and love your neighbor. Enjoy! Enjoy!

Do you like getting mail?
CONTACT offers YOU:
Personalized continuing correspondence
As frequently as YOU wish.
Immediate response to your letters about
Problems - Ideas - Conflicts
Everyday Happenings - Love
THE THINGS THAT REALLY MATTER TO YOU AND US. . .
We relate to you personally through your continuing correspondence.
Send $2 with each letter to cover our handling.
Trust us. We do what we say we will.
Why not try it? Write today.
CONTACT, Box 386,
Planetarium Station,
New York, N. Y. 10024.


sticks & stones
IS AT ITS BEST DURING ITS RITUAL
RE-ENACTMENTS OF SEX, BUT THE DRAMA IS THERE. IT IS COMMITTED TO SENTIMENT IN A WAY THAT HETEROSEXUAL PORNOGRAPHY ALMOST NEVER IS.
ROGER GREENSPUN N.Y. TIMES
"You see so much that is authentic and bizarre. If you are curious and too yellow to go see Cherry Grove for yourself, this picture can serve as introduction. Like 'Boys in the Band' it has a good eye for detail."
ARCHER WINSTEN N.Y. POST
IN COLOR
AN X RATED FILM
FILMED ON FIRE ISLAND
sticks & stones
A Film By STAN LoPRESTO TOM O'KEEFE / MIRO BARTOWN
GARRICK THEATRE 152 BLEECKER STREET • 533-4270

(continued from p. 3)

for and participation in homosexual acts between consenting adults.

3. That Mrs. Greitzer and her colleagues undertake a campaign of eliminating all discriminatory restrictions to the existence of gay businessess.

Signature:

Name.....

Address.....

The Gay Activist Alliance has attracted a number of militants, many of whom have been disillusioned by bitter left-wing factionalism in the Gay Liberation Front. Unlike GLF, the new group is organized with a formal structure and will attempt reforms with "well-planned confrontations" and political maneuvers.

Meetings of GAA are held Tuesday evenings at 8:30 pm in the Church of the Apostles (9th Avenue and 28th Street, Manhattan). Persons who wish to sign the GAA petition may mail it to Gay Activists Alliance, P.O. Box 2, Village Station, New York, N.Y.10014.

MOVIEMAKERS film SONG of the LOON

Hollywood, Calif. A technicolor film based on Richard Amory's popular novel, *Song of the Loon*, will be released in the Spring. Photographed in Northern California's Trinity Alps and the Big Pines National Reserve, *Song* is the first big budget film on homosexuality to be released this year. Originally published in paperback by Greenleaf Classics in 1966, the book became the first widely read gay "sex book." The movie is said to be faithful to the novel, and stars Jon Iverson in the role of Cyrus Wheelwright and Morgan Royce as Ephraim MacIver, plus a cast of fifty players

Sawyer Productions, Ltd., a Hollywood-based company which owns rights to the entire trilogy of "Loon" novels, admits that the controversial nature of the subject material presented in the picture was not without problems in filming. Nude scenes and masculine kissing, so much a part of the original script, has been adhered to in the filming. The movie is said to include "tasteful" treatment of gay love making.

Following its initial engagement at the Park Theatre in Los Angeles, *The Song of the Loon* will be seen at New York's Park-Miller Theatre starting April 8. ■●

ATLANTA officials nix GAY MAGAZINE ARTICLE

Atlanta, Ga. Three editors of *Atlanta Magazine*, the publication of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, are reported to have walked off their jobs in a dispute over the publication of an article on homosexuality. The article, written by a Jesuit priest with a Ph.D. in American Studies, sparked a fight with city officials who seemed to feel that the magazine should exist solely to "push Atlanta".

The editors felt that the city's offcial publication would do better if it contained a thought-provoking approach and steered away from the old hard-sell routine which is often associated with Chambers of Commerce. ■●

HOMOSEXUAL ATHELETE is VOTED NO.1

New York, N.Y. Bill Tilden has been voted the greatest player of tennis in history in an international poll of tennis writers. "Big" Bill finished in first place with 118 points. Don Budge receive 103, and Rod Laver, 96.

Few today remember how completely Big Bill Tilden dominated the tennis world during the "Golden Age of Sports", but many recall the public's shock and horror at the revelation of his homosexuality.

Tilden won the United States tennis championship seven times, and received the Wimbledon crown on three occasions. He reached mass popularity, often described as "Olympian heights" during the high points of his career.

Tilden died of a heart attack in 1953, fifteen years after the sensational revelations that wrecked his professional life. ■●

RADICALS TO picket ABC

San Francisco, Calif. Radical homosexual groups are staging a series of demonstrations against the American Broadcasting Company protesting discrimination in the communications media. Hearings began at ABC on January 16th to negotiate the firing of Leo Laurence, a homosexual who had been employed as an ABC news editor for five years. Laurence, who claims that he was politically "radicalized" by the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, charges that the network discharged him because of his "Movement" activities, and his support of homophile activist groups.

The hearings are in response to allegations that Laurence was fired solely for his political/sexual activities; that he has been abused and physically threatened while on the job; that civil rights and the union contract had been violated by ABC. Lawyers for the one-time newseditor is Michael Kennedy who has also worked on the "Chicago 8" trial.

Laurence had been a relatively conservative Nixon supporter prior to the time when he was gassed while covering convention activities in Chicago. In the Spring of 1969, he joined with Gale Whittington to form the militant Committee for Homosexual Freedom. His writings have appeared in the Berkeley Barb and Tribe.

The national demonstrations are being coordinated by a loose coalition of gay militants and radicals. These groups are not only protesting the firing of Laurence, but also the general discriminatory practices regarding employment of homosexuals, and the suppression of homophile-oriented news, as well. ■●

WASHINGTON MORALS POLICE SPEAK ON GAY BLACKMAIL

Washington, D.C. A rare public speech on the homosexual question, will be delivered by Lt. Charles Rinaldi of the District of Columbia Morals Division. Rinaldi will discuss "Blackmail and Homosexuality". His speech is co-sponsored by the George Washington University Student Bar Association, and the Mattachine Society of Washington. It will take place in the University's law school building (Room 10) on February 3, 1970.

Mattachine officials note that Washington police assistance in the apprehension of blackmailers who prey on homosexuals has proven most effective in those rare cases in which blackmail is threatened. "Most homosexuals," says MSW President, Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, "are never blackmailed. The entire blackmail question has been much overrated in the minds of security conscious bureaucrats who deny clearances to homosexauals. No homosexual has ever, to anyone's knowledge, divulged national secrets because of blackmail. This cannot be said of notorious heterosexuals such as Scarback, however." Dr. Kameny says that he has worked closely with police to apprehend blackmailers. "Never pay a blackmailer," he cautions. "Contact your local Mattachine Society and then your local police." ■●

Pat Rocco
PRESENTS HIS NEW AND ENLARGED CATALOG OF

MALE NUDES
An enormous selection of...
slides
photos
movies
posters
BIG 40 PAGE FULLY ILLUSTRATED COLOR CATALOG FOR ONLY $2.00
BIZARRE PHOTOS
1545 North Detroit Street
Hollywood, California 90046
YOU MUST BE 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER TO ORDER OUR CATALOG

SUBSCRIBE
GAY IS GREAT

I understand that I will receive a copy of GAY in a plain brown envelope (first class mail) and that I will receive:

____ 13 issues of GAY for $6.00 ____ 26 issues of GAY for $11.00

____ 52 issues of GAY for $20.00

MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO: Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011

I certify by my signature that I am over 21.

_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE & ZIP_____

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS MAILED IN PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE